McKean County Miner.

BARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912 TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

No. 36

W. H. KNIGHT TAKES POISON CAUSING DEATH.

Ends His Life at Main Street Home Monday Morning.

HE HAD LONG BEEN A SUFFERER.

He Left an Affectionate Letter to His Wife—Letter Had Been Written Some Time, With Recent Postscript—He Was a Highly Respected Citizen—Funeral Services.

Wesley H. Knight, a well-known and estimable man of this borough, ended his life Monday morning at his home on the corner of Main and Nelson streets by taking a dose of poison, which caused his death about an hour after he had taken the drug.

Mr. Knight has suffered considerably from stomach trouble and other ailments for the past 25 years, but he was always an industrious man and worked at his trade whenever his health would permit. However, for the past two or three years he has not been able to do much work, and of late he has suffered so much that he showed signs of being discouraged and at times had spoken of not wanting to become a burden upon his family.

Monday morning he was about the house as usual and at about nine o'clock he went up stairs. Coming down in a short time he went to the faucet in the kitchen and took a drink of water; and then went to the living room and laid down on the couch. Mrs. Knight was at the door at the time, in answer to a call, and when she returned she noticed that her husband had an unnatural look in his eyes. She asked him what was the matter and he replied: "I guess I have taken an over-dose—" and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Mrs. Knight hurried to James McGowan's residence, across Nelson street, and had physicians summoned. Drs. McCoy and Ostrander responded and did their best to save his life. Antidotes for morphine were given and his stomach was pumped out, but to no avail, and he passed quietly away shortly after 10 o'clock.

On examination a small bottle was found on a stand upstairs which evidently had been recently emptied. On this bottle was an old prescription label showing that the contents were prescribed by Dr. J. C. Brown, who moved from here to Williamsport about five years ago, and a home-made poison label.

A letter addressed to his wife was also found. It was evidently written some days previous to his death and it is thought that the postscript was written that morning or the night before. The letter was pathetic and loving and shows that while he thought he must end his own life, he had but the kindest thoughts for his family and his fellowmen. The fact that his tenant house on the same lot was struck by lightning Sunday afternoon, may have spurred him on to do the deed he had long been contemplating, but that is only a surmise. The letter read:

"Dear Jessie—I have no fault to find with this beautiful world or with anyone in it, but poor health, growing poorer, and the great dread of being a burden to myself and others, (perhaps for a long time) makes it seem best to step quietly out and avoid so much trouble and suffering. We must all go home sometime and I am only taking a short cut to save a long and tedious route.

"'For He keeps house and makes it home
Whichever way the Children come.'

"You must cheer up. Do the best you can and do not grieve for me. Remember me with love to Brother Edgar and family; to Emmet, to Jim, George and all friends and relatives.

"And now, dear, with tenderest love to you and very best wishes for everybody, good-bye until we meet again.

"WESLEY."

P. S.—"I thought it would be better all around to go before cold weather sets in and while George was with you. I am so glad that George came and I thank him for his kindness and help. You must do just as you think best about everything."

Coroner Sherman was notified at once and came to Smethport at noon. After viewing the remains and learning the circumstances surrounding his death, he decided that an inquest was not necessary and gave permission to have the body prepared for burial.

Wesley H. Knight was born at Randolph, N. Y., May 30, 1848, and at the time of his death was 64 years, three months and three days old. On May 2, 1880, he was united in marriage to Miss Jessie Foreman, at Emporia, Kansas, and in October 1881, they moved to Smethport, where he followed his trade of mason and paper hanger, when his health would permit. About 25 years ago his health failed him and some time after that he and his wife moved to Havana, Tenn., hoping that he might regain his health. After staying there a year and a half he returned home, no better where he has since resided.

Mr. Knight was one of our most honest, industrious and highly respected citizens, in fact he followed his trade when other men would have been in bed. He was kind to children and considerate of the rights and wishes of others and there is no man who knew him that did not admire and respect him.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight never had any children and he is survived by his wife one brother, Edgar, of Harding South Dakota, and one cousin, Emmett Putnam, of Columbus, Pa., who deeply mourn his loss.

The funeral services will be held at his late residence this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. W. McGavern, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church officiating, and his remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

DEATH OF MRS. WALTER DALY.

Estimable Woman Passed Away Last Monday Morning.

Mrs. Walter Daly passed away at her home on Mechanic street, this borough, on Monday morning, September 2, 1912. She was aged 33 years, one month and eight days.

One week previous to her death, Mrs. Daly gave birth to a boy. Notwithstanding the fact that she had not been in very good health for some time previous, she rallied fairly well from the illness of childbirth for a day or two and then a change came for the worse. Despite the best efforts of the attending physician she gradually but steadily kept on losing strength until she passed away, practically from exhaustion, there being no complications whatever.

The death of this estimable woman is particularly sad because she not only leaves an infant only a week old, and two other small children who always need a mother's care, but she also leaves an aged and sickly mother who had been with her for some months past.

Miss Bessie Brittain was born at Upperton, New Brunswick, Canada, on July 8, 1879, and when about eight years of age moved with her parents to Waltham, Mass., where she received her education. In 1897 she, with her family came to this county and located on Potato creek. On April 16, 1900, she was united in marriage to Walter Daly at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y., and this union was blessed with three boys, namely, Clarence, aged 11; Paul, aged 2, and the infant only a week old. She is also survived by her husband, Walter Daly, her mother, Mrs. Sarah Brittain, three sisters, Mrs. Levi Sherwood, of Maple Grove, Maine; Mrs. W. H. Tabor, of Waltham, Mass., and Mrs. Edith Cranson, of East Concord, N. Y., and one brother, Stephen Brittain, of Hazelhurst, all of whom will deeply mourn the sudden and untimely death of a most devoted, kind and loving wife, mother, daughter and sister.

Mrs. Daly possessed a kind, loving and friendly disposition, was a devoted and selfsacrificing wife and mother and had those admirable qualities which made her respected by all who met her and beloved by all who knew her well. Her loss will be keenly felt not only in her home but by all who knew her and her estimable family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning and were conducted by Rev. J. F. Dugan and her remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

MONTHLY MEETING OF COUNCIL.

Many Bills Presented and Ordered Paid at September Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the borough council was called to order by President J. C. Backus at 8:40 Monday evening, with Councilmen Backus, Brennan, Denning, Engstrom, Irons and Raymer present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read:

Smethport Water Co., placing hydrants	$257.41
Harold McCarthy, extra police duty	28.00
C. M. Colegrove, surveying	7.50
W. W. Raymer, helping surveyor	1.00
Williams Supply Co., repairs	13.50
Frank McCarthy, police duty	60.00
R. C. Gleason, notifying taxpayers	5.38
Chas. Masser, hardware	4.75
C. J. Vanblad, blacksmithing	4.95
Jake McBride, labor on streets	43.00
C. O. Larson, team work	71.00
Sam Tanner, team work	30.00
Holmes & Gilfillan, sewer pipe, etc.	9.54
M. E. Backus, quarantine officer	37.50
A. E. Hackett, sidewalk	138.20
Curtis Rickey, labor on streets	7.50
John Cramsie, street com.	60.00
V. B. Bouton, retainer	12.50
S. Raymer, crossings	68.40
A. E. Hackett, crossings	165.40

Moved by Brennan and reconded by Engstrom that the bills as read be paid. Carried.

The burgess received $2.00 received from licenses.

The committee appointed to provide a bridge or other accomodations for Chas. McVean to go to and from his property at the foot of Hill street reported that they had looked the situation over and were trying to secure a right-of-way from E. K. Kane. The committee was continued until their mission was fulfilled.

It was moved by Engstrom and seconded by Brennan that the corners of the O. D. Bush sidewalk abutting on Main street be filled in to prevent accidents to the public. Carried.

The second annual report of the Smethport Fire Department was read.

It was moved by Engstrom and seconded by Irons that the President of the Council of the borough be authorized to assign the four municipal liens of the borough against the McCoy property on East Main street (same being known as No. 5, Oct. Term, 1910, M. L. D., No. 6, Oct. Term 1910, M. L. D., No. 1, Feby. Term, 1912, M. L. D., and No. 5, Oct. Term, 1912, M. L. D.) upon the payment to him of debt, interest and costs due the borough on same. Carried. $254.91 of the $354.91 was received of Max Schoolar to apply on same.

Upon motion adjournment was taken at 10:15.

BORN IN A BUGGY.

Healthy Boy Arrives While Mother is Being Taken From Train to House.

Late Tuesday afternoon Dr. Ostrander received a message stating that a woman on the evening train from Larabee was very sick and requesting him to be at the Kushequa station with a rig to meet her.

The doctor did as requested and met the lady at the station. She was assisted into the carriage and he started down Water street to Mrs. G. H. Hyde's residence where he had, in the meantime, made arrangements for her care.

They had only gone about four blocks when the woman informed Dr. Ostrander that the baby was born. He stopped, took the baby into a nearby house and then proceeded with the mother to Mrs. Hyde's, where she was given the necessary care.

He then went back and got the baby, who is a good healthy boy, and placed him in his mother's arms, and at present all are doing as well as though they had been born under ordinary conditions.

Owing to the fact that the mother is a little sensitive about the notoriety she might acquire from this unusual circumstance we withhold her name, and will only state that she was on her way to her home in Norwich when she was taken ill.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

tf

Advertise in The Miner.

SMETHPORT WINS TWO.

Emporium is an Easy Victim for the Fast Home Team.

The Smethport baseball team took two games from Emporium on Monday and Tuesday at Kane field. In the first game the visitors were shut out 12 to 0, and the next morning two of their members went home. Brownell and Day, local players, filled out for the visitors on Tuesday and played nice ball.

Monday's Game.

The heavy rain on Monday morning made the grounds very wet and sticky Monday afternoon, but at five o'clock Emporium and Smethport "crossed bats," and the result, after seven sloppy innings, was that the visitors were shut out while the home team piled up an even dozen runs.

The tabulated score:

Emporium	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Extine, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	1
Delhi, ss	2	0	0	0	0	0
G. Vogt, c	2	0	1	6	3	1
Fisher, 1b	2	0	0	9	1	2
Harmon, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
H. Vogt, 2b	3	0	0	0	1	0
Foster, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Schellenberger, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Zimmett, p	2	0	0	1	5	0
	21	0	1	18	11	4

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kellar, lf	3	4	1	0	0	0
Clark, cf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Larson, 3b	3	3	3	0	0	0
Rodgers, 2b	4	1	3	0	2	0
Berkle, c	4	0	1	5	2	0
O'Neil, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Glavin, ss	2	2	2	2	2	0
Denning, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Dolan, p	4	1	1	0	2	0
	33	12	14	21	8	0

Smethport	0 0 3 3 4 2 x—12
Emporium	0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0

Two base hits—Larson, 2; Glavin.

Stolen bases—Clark.

Struck out—by Zimmett, 4; by Dolan, 7.

Base on balls—off Zimmett, 5; off Dolan, 1.

Tuesday's Game.

Smethport and Emporium played another game of baseball Tuesday afternoon and although the grounds were somewhat damp they were in fairly decent condition. Smethport was again victorious by a score of 10 to 4.

"Old Hoss" Tom Young, for the first time in several years donned a suit and acted as backstop for the home team, owing to the fact that Berkle, the regular catcher, was called away by the death of a relative, and Tom was happily greeted by the old fans who knew him when he was the fastest catcher in this section. This was about 20 years ago, but nevertheless the old boy caught a good game, his only shortcoming being in his throws to second.

Extine got a home run in the fourth inning and a two-bagger in the sixth. Emporium went to the bad in the seventh and the home team scored six runs on three hits.

The tabulated score:

Emporium	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Extine, 3b	4	1	2	0	1	2
Delhi, ss	3	1	0	0	2	1
G. Vogt, c	3	0	0	6	0	1
Foster, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
H. Vogt, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Day, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brownell, 2b	2	1	0	1	6	0
Shellenberger, rf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Zimmett, 1b	3	0	1	13	0	1
	30	4	3	24	12	5

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kellar, lf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Clark, cf	5	1	1	3	0	0
Larson, 3b	5	1	3	3	2	0
Rodgers, 2b	5	1	1	0	0	0
O'Neil, rf-1b	5	2	1	1	0	0
Glavin, ss	3	1	1	2	1	1
Dolan, 1b-p	3	1	1	4	1	0
Young, c	4	1	2	12	0	0
Denning, rf-p	3	1	1	1	2	0
	37	10	11	27	6	1

Emporium	0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0— 4
Smethport	0 1 0 3 0 0 6 0 x—10

Home run—Extine.

Two base hits—Extine, Denning.

Stolen bases—Brownell, 2; Foster, Shellenberger, Denning, Larson.

Double play—Delhi to Zimmett.

Struck out—by Vogt, 5; by Denning, 9; by Dolan, 3.

Bases on balls—off Vogt, 2; off Denning, 4; off Dolan, 1.

Wild pitches—by Vogt, 2; by Denning, 1.

Passed balls—Vogt, 1; Young, 2.

GIRL WANTED.

At Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa.

SENTENCES ARE GIVEN.

William Patton of Bradford Goes to Penitentiary—Court News.

Argument court convened Tuesday afternoon, Hon. J. W. Bouton presiding.

The court announced that the September term of civil court scheduled for Monday, September 1, has been declared off, none of the cases listed being ready for trial. Notices are being sent to the jurors not to appear.

Tuesday afternoon a number of prisoners who have pleaded guilty to various charges were sentenced as follows:

William Patton, of Bradford, pleaded guilty to larceny. First charge, fined $10 and costs of prosecution and not less than one, nor more than three years, in the Western penitentiary. Second charge, $10 fine and cost of prosecution and serve not less than one year, nor more than three years, in the penitentiary, the time to be computed from the expiration of the first sentence. Third charge, $10 and costs of prosecution and serve not less than one year, nor more than three years, in the penitentiary, the time to be computed from the expiration of the second sentence.

George Barton, of Mt. Jewett, pleaded guilty to stealing an automobile. He claimed to be intoxicated and the court suspended sentence and placed him on probation for a year. M. J. Gallup, of Mt. Jewett, being named as probation officer.

Carl Doran, charged with vagrancy, made a good impression and the court discharged him.

Frank Golden, a tramp, arrested in Bradford while engaged in faking as a cripple, was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail.

C. J. Baker, of Port Allegany, pleaded guilty to conducting a gambling house. Fined $250, with costs.

Henry Sherrell, of Port Allegany, who pleaded guilty to operating a gambling house, fined $250, and costs.

Edward Cabisca, of Port Allegany, pleaded guilty to keeping a gambling house. Fined $250 and costs.

Harry Newton, of Bradford, sentence suspended and Police Captain J. H. Howe appointed probation officer.

Arthur Ogden, arrested in Buffalo after abandoning his wife and family at Foster Brook, pleaded guilty to desertion and was fined $50 and costs of prosecution and serve a term of six months in the workhouse.

William Burke, a tramp, who was playing the deaf and dumb role in Smethport, was sentenced to serve 30 days in the county jail.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.

Three Houses and Two Barns Struck Here Last Sunday.

A severe electrical storm last Sunday afternoon did considerable damage here and in this immediate vicinity. Three houses and two barns were struck and more or less damaged, although none of them were entirely destroyed.

The tenant house of W. H. Knight at the corner of King and Nelson streets, was struck and damaged to the extent of about $50. Charles McVean's residence at the foot of Hill street was struck. The chimney was quite badly demolished and the roof split apart besides some damage to the interior. A house on the south side, occupied by Mrs. Clyde Sheldon and family was also slightly damaged by the lightning.

George Brennan's barn at the southern end of Mechanic street was hit and damaged to some extent, and a barn east of town on the farm of Dodge & Sherburne also suffered some damage.

Strange as it may seem, none of the buildings were set on fire and therefore in each case the damage was comparatively slight.

BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICE.

Bible school, Sept. 8th, at 11:45 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., evening service at 7:30 o'clock. The members of the church and children of the Sunday school are all requested to be present at each meeting.

Rev. J. Booth has been away for two months on a campaign of money-raising to liquidate the debt on the church property. He has visited a great many Baptist churches in the state, and received pledges to the amount of $1,700, and is very hopeful of raising the full amount of the indebtedness.

J. BOOTH, Pastor.

Advertise in The Miner.

THE RACE PROGRAM.

And a Few Remarks About the Great McKean County Fair in General.

Many of the citizens of our county fail to realize the true reason for the existence of the McKean County Fair. Some take it that it is purely for the purpose of an outing or a day's excitement; others that it is a commercial enterprise for the benefit of the stockholders. Both of these ideas are absolutely foreign to the minds of those who made the Fair possible, or to those whose unselfish liberality have made its continuance permanent. In fact the public-spirited citizens of the county have given their time and money to the support of this institution solely for the purpose of benefitting the county from an educational standpoint and without thought of financial renumeration.

A county or state fair is, or should be, primarily for the co-operation of its citizens, and particularly the farmers. In order that an exchange of ideas and practical exhibits of results, may improve the yields from the soil and general social conditions and it must be recognized that in just the proportion that the individuals of a community separately, progress in social and financial conditions, so does the locality as a whole benefit from th's development. And it is with this aim in view that those in charge o the McKean County Fair made such strenuous and happily successful efforts to continue its existence.

It can therefore clearly be seen that complete understanding and co-operation is necessary with all people of this locality and particularly the farmers, in order that exhibits of their work and enterprise be obtained, so that this important educational result may be promoted and it is therefore urged upon all that they send their entries promptly, so that proper arrangements may be taken for their care and particularly we wish our citizens to appreciate the duty each owes to his or her community to do all in their power to further this philanthropic aim.

Additional to the duty owed by an individual to the county itself, there is the further incentive of more than $2000 in premiums for these exhibits. The Fair managers request that those sending entries will write their address in the entry blanks in order that confusion may be avoided, as there were six entries last year without addresses.

It is not to be inferred that the entertainment and pleasure of the patrons will be overlooked. Among other free exhibits, the Great Roman Hippodrome has been obtained. Again will be seen the stirring motorcycle races, with prizes of $20.00 for the first, $10.00 for the second and $5.00 for the third offered, and many entries are promised for these events.

Those lovers of horse racing will be satisfied with the following program:

Wednesday.

2:24 pace $300
Run, half-mile heats 100

Thursday.

2:15 pace $300
2:24 trot 300
Run, half-mile heats 150

Friday.

Consolation race, half-mile heats $100

The midway exhibits promise to be the best in the history of the fair, and special care will be taken to obtain exhibits that are clean and well worth the small sum charged.

A marked improvement has been made in laying out a judge's ring, so that the public can see without crowding, the various exhibits as they are judged.

Mr. Studholme has been elected to succeed C. D. Comes as privilege man, and Frank Harmon will be in charge of the grounds. There will be many improvements made in the grounds for the convenience of the patrons. A force of men will start on this work next Monday morning.

Owing to the time required in raising the $7000 fund, many improvements and new buildings can not be made until next year, but from the enthusiasm exhibited we may all feel that McKean county will have a fair of which we may be proud in the future.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All those to whom the McKean County Fair Association is indebted, are requested to present an itemized bill to the Secretary at once. There is also a premium due H. Rutter, but we do not know his address.

H. J. RICE, Secretary,
Smethport, Pa.

It

By Wireless

A Story Illustrating a Theory

By EDWARD KENTON

A great deal has been spoken or written about the power of the imagination. Certain stories are said to be great imaginary works or wonders of originality. Then we hear it stated that truth is stranger than fiction. Certainly it is, for the imagination is simply the weaving together of certain truths. In other words, imagination is not a thing of itself, but a blending of things.

This is as clear as a stack of black cats seen through an impenetrable fog, isn't it? Well, listen to the story I have to tell and possibly you shall see the cats through the fog. A little light may at the outset be cast on my proposition by the statement that a quarter of a century ago there could have been no such story. No brain could have imagined it. And yet in the beginning of this twentieth century, after man had existed on the earth many thousands of years, I have passed through experiences which if they could have been conceived of in the nineteenth century would have been considered highly imaginative.

But to my story. I was wireless operator on the Tartaric, an ocean liner. We had left a strike of seamen in port and were provided with not more than half a crew. The consequence was that before we were long out they had been worked to a condition that many of them, yielding to a natural requirement, were sinking to sleep at their posts.

The night was fine, the stars blinked overhead, but a thin mist had settled on the surface of the water. I was in my wireless office waiting for another half hour to pass before shutting it up and turning in. Suddenly I felt a shock. Like a flash of the electric current I handled came a realization of what had happened. The watch in the crow's nest had gone to sleep and we had collided with either an iceberg or a ship. I sprang to the door of my cubby hole, threw it open and saw a great black hulk drifting slowly away from us. I had been right in my diagnosis. The watch had gone to sleep, the signals of an approaching vessel had not been seen, and we had collided.

What became of the ship we struck we did not know at the time. She had passed away from us in a sinking condition and went to the bottom. Upon examination of our own vessel an immense hole was found to have been made in the side, and there was danger of the bulkhead separating the compartment from the next giving way.

How I sat for three hours at my instrument repeating the letters C Q D (Come quick—danger) and giving our latitude and longitude, how ships sped toward us, how they came too late, has been told in other similar cases, and I will not dwell upon them. One thing I will mention, and only one. Among those who during those anxious hours from time to time crowded around my booth, inquiring by anxious looks if succor was coming, I was struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed under far better control than the others. She asked me how long I would stick to my instrument, and I replied, "Till it can no longer be worked." An interest in me and the responsibility resting upon me seemed to override a sense of her own personal danger.

When the ship had gone down, floating in the water I seized an improvised raft that had lost its occupant. I saw by the light of early dawn the face of this girl turned toward me with an appeal for help. My support was barely enough for one, but I could not resist that appeal. I extended a hand and pulled her aboard.

From the raft we were taken into a boat in which were only three other persons alive, and they died during the long period in which we were exposed: I lived, and the girl barely lived. Then came a wind that blew in westward, and at last we were overturned in breakers. How in my weakened condition I managed to drag my companion beyond the waves I do not know.

On looking about me, what was my astonishment to see not far away a wireless station, its uprights extending far up toward the clouds. Not knowing where we were, I could not tell what station it was. No one was near with whom to leave the girl that I might bring succor. Indeed, I did not know whether I was on an island or the mainland or whether the place was inhabited.

Nevertheless there was but one thing for me to do—leave her and go for help. On approaching the station I was surprised not to see any one. Glancing up at one of the posts, I saw that it had been shivered, doubtless by lightning. Entering the operating hut, there lay the dead body of a man. I surmised that he had been killed by the bolt that had struck the post.

There were supplies on hand, and, taking what I needed to revive my companion, I returned to her, and, after getting her into condition to warrant a removal, I carried her to the station. She could not walk from weakness and the pain she suffered from a fracture of one of her arms that she had received while exposed on the water. Upon reaching the station I laid her upon the bed that had been used by the operator, and then, for the first time I was enabled to look about me.

The station was a new one and, though not furnished, was in working order. I made a tour of observation to the westward and discovered that it was located on an island when the tide was high and a peninsula when it was low.

I called up the wireless station on Cape Cod and learned that I was on the Canadian shore at a latitude far north. I reported the killing of the operator either by lightning or otherwise and was directed to assume charge of the station, since it would be impossible to send any one to me for some time, the station being in a wilderness and very inaccessible.

After communicating with the management I returned to my charge and received from her an account of herself. She was an orphan and had been on her way to America to take a position. Her name was Harriet Mainwaring. While I was getting these facts I was examining her arm which had been crushed, and I did not like the looks of it. Since there was no surgeon at hand I made calls on the wireless instrument and received a reply from a ship some 800 miles at sea. I asked the operator if there was a surgeon aboard, and at his reply that there was I begged him to call the doctor to the wireless office.

Upon being notified that the doctor was present I described the appearance of Miss Mainwaring's arm, and, after answering several questions asked by the doctor, I was informed that it was evident gangrene was setting in and if the arm was not amputated the patient would probably die.

The situation was distressing—either amputation or death and no surgeon to amputate. After some further electrical talk the surgeon asked me what tools I had, and I replied that there was a chest containing carpenters' tools of all kinds at the station, whereupon he gave me the process of cutting off a person's arm. After familiarizing me with this he told me to bring the patient as near the wireless instrument as possible and prepare to perform the necessary operation under his direction.

I shall not describe the amputation, which occasioned the most dreadful strain I ever endured. I felt a temporary relief when I had secured the end of the severed artery, but feared to see my patient collapse after I had finished. I made a frightful bungle of it, especially the administering of the stimulant in lieu of an anaesthetic, which I did not possess. For days I wondered if my patient would pull through, though I confess she gained strength rapidly.

She had come into a fair condition, and still no one appeared at the station to relieve me. I asked the superintendent repeatedly how long I was to be left alone, but got only promises that were destined to be broken. What especially troubled me was that I was living alone with a young woman who was not my wife, and I knew that when we returned to the world this would be a reflection upon her. Moreover, it was plain that she realized the disadvantage of our position.

Nothing will so endear persons to each other as suffering together. Miss Mainwaring had an additional cause for being drawn to me in that I had possessed the nerve to perform a surgical operation that had saved her life under the guidance of a man many hundreds of miles away. It was not long before I told her that for my part I desired our companionship should not be broken, and she confessed blushingly that she would gladly consent to be my wife were there any person present to perform the ceremony.

To continue to live together, the only two persons at the station, without wedlock was neither practicable nor proper. I proposed that we should marry ourselves by a mutual agreement to be man and wife. This, she averred, would be no marriage at all. She considered wedlock to be a religious rite and would not think of matrimony in any other form. I urged that my plan was the best we could do under the circumstances, but could not move her.

Then suddenly an idea struck me. If a surgical operation could be performed by wireless telegraph, why not a marriage? I ran to my instrument and began to call for ships, finally receiving a response from one that had but that day set out from the coast of Africa bound for Boston. I inquired if there were a clergyman on board and was informed that the bishop of Dahomey, a full blooded negro, was a passenger.

I went at once to Harriet and told her that here was an opportunity. She gasped at the idea of being married by a negro some 2,000 miles away, but I finally prevailed and, returning to the instrument, called for the bishop and asked him to perform the ceremony. He consented, and, Harriet standing by me before the instrument, the operator at sea sent the service read by the bishop, and I replied on my key for Harriet and myself.

Thus had a life been saved and two persons made one by means of a force operated through the air. My wife and I spent our honeymoon at the station and did not regret that we were not intruded upon by others.

I think by my illustration I have made plain that imagination is nothing but the weaving together of facts. Moreover, the facts I have stated could not have taken place before the invention of wireless telegraphy. In other words, they could not have been created by the imagination before they had become real, which is not imagination.

TRACING A CRIME.

Clever Detective Work by a University Professor.

THE KEEN EYES OF SCIENCE.

They Detected Blood Where There Were No Apparent Traces of It and Found Telltale Finger Marks That Pointed Direct to the Criminal.

Mme. Guian was the wealthy widow of Jean Howard Guian, former president of the Bank of France. Mme. Guian was seventy years old. One night she took a train at Fontainebleau for Paris. She had to herself a first class compartment. When the train arrived in Paris the porters found her compartment unoccupied. The door had been half torn from its hinges, there was a great pool of blood on the floor, and the police picked up from floor a handful of woman's hair, a torn piece of skirt and a first class railroad ticket from Fontainebleau to Paris.

A search along the railroad tracks resulted in the finding of Mme. Guian's body beside the rails just outside Fontainebleau. It was greatly mangled. A little farther on was found the satchel she had carried. There were no rings on her fingers and no money in her pockets.

Mme. Guian's relatives took the ground that she had been seized with a hemorrhage, to which she was subject, had tried to open the door of her compartment to summon aid or to get air; that she had in her paroxysm wrenched the door open and had fallen off the train, killing herself. The police were not satisfied with this explanation, particularly after Professor Reiss, the famous Lausanne university criminologist, had pointed out that the cut on the woman's satchel had been made by a knife and not by a sharp stone, as had been thought. This, however, was very little evidence, and Professor Reiss turned his attention to the compartment which Mme. Guian had occupied. After he had finished his investigation he went to M. Lepine, prefect of Paris, and said to him:

"I am sure that Mme. Guian was murdered, and I am equally sure that her murderer was a soldier. In the train compartment there were a towel and a stationary washstand. There were no stains upon the towel visible to the naked eye. Nevertheless we subjected every square inch to one of the most delicate tests for blood. We at last discovered an area which gave us the positive reaction for human blood.

"Upon this towel the murderer of Mme. Guian wiped his bloody hands. He knew that this would be evidence that the old woman did not meet her death by accident as he wished it believed, and so he washed the towel thoroughly, as he thought, and hung it up to dry.

"The detection then of this microscopic quantity of blood, which can be removed from a fabric only by acids, revealed to us that Mme. Guian met death by the hands of a murderer.

"But I found another piece of evidence. There was, if you remember, a railroad ticket picked up on the floor. On its back was the imprint of a thumb. I compared it with that of Mme. Guian; it was not hers. I threw its image up enormously on a lantern screen. I was then struck by the peculiar indentation of the little ridges on the inner side of the mark. Careful analysis of these marked ridges showed me that this was the thumb of a man who was actually serving as a soldier. The frequent drills with guns result in the pressure upon the ridges of the inner side of the thumb. This causes a peculiar flattening, which is visible under a microscope when enlarged and is true of no other occupation except that of a soldier.

"As I reconstruct this crime this soldier managed to get into Mme. Guian's compartment after the train had left Fontainebleau. He knew that she usually carried a number of jewels and a large sum of money. He tried to rob the old woman, and, meeting with unexpected resistance, fought with her in the compartment, killing her by beating her head against the register and then stripped the body of its jewels. He thoughtlessly wiped his hand upon the towel. He knew that this would be evidence of the presence of some one else in the compartment, so he washes the towel with soap and water, but does not know that we can discover blood even when it is only to the amount of one one-thousandth millimeters.

"He then wrenches the compartment door open and throws out the body. He is pressed for time, rips open the satchel with his knife. Then, taking advantage of the slowing down of the train between Fontainebleau and Paris, he jumps from it and makes his escape."

As a result of Professor Reiss' analysis it was found that two soldiers, Gravy and Michel, had followed Mme. Guian to the train on the night of her murder. They had hidden in her compartment, and when the train had started they murdered her, as Professor Reiss had indicated. The rest of the reconstruction was proved at the trial of these two men. They both confessed, were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Certainly.

"What was that savage animal that attacked me?"

"That was a razorback."

"Well, he gave me a close shave."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When the fight begins with himself a man's worth something.—Browning

OUTWITTED A LION.

Clever Tactics of a Plucky and Ingenious African.

The little bushman of South Africa is not only small in size, but feeble in mind. Yet there is on record an encounter between a bushman and a lion which shows the man as cool in danger and fertile in resource.

This bushman, while a long way from his home, was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity which the poor little bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on.

The bushman, however, did not lose his presence of mind and presently hit upon a device whereby he might outwit his foe. This plan was suggested by the lion's own conduct.

Aware that the beast was ahead of him, the bushman dodged to the right, and, feeling pretty sure of the lion's whereabouts, resorted to the course of quietly watching his movements.

When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification. Then he espied the bushman peeping at him over the grass.

The bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished and showed himself at another point.

The great brute was first confused and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters and that he was the hunted party.

The bushman, who clearly recognized the situation, did not pause to permit the lion to recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually toward the foe, who now, in a complete state of doubt and fear, turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little bushman master of the situation.—Harper's.

GREAT HORN SPOONS.

The Ones That Are Made by Natives of Southern Alaska.

Horns of the Rocky mountain sheep, the buffalo and the mountain goat are made into dishes, ladles and spoons. Some of these are carved, while others are both carved and inlaid with shell. The decoration is sometimes geometric, but often a conventional representation of animal forms. This is especially true of the spoons of the Indians on the coast of northern British Columbia and southern Alaska. A few of these spoons are so large, so wonderfully artistic and so well made from the horn of the rare Rocky mountain sheep that even a moderately good one may appropriately be called a "great horn spoon." These are of a rich, golden yellow color. By far the greater number of horn spoons in this same region are made of the horn of the mountain goat, and these are black. A few have black handles of goat horn and golden bowls of sheep horn. All these handles are usually carved to represent traditional or mythical men, animals or monsters belonging to the lore of the individual family, just as among our people silver spoons bear the family monogram.—Detroit Free Press.

Church Tower Belfries.

Probably you have noticed that the openings in the belfry of a church are usually filled with a number of slanting boards, sometimes covered with lead. These are improperly called louvres, and many persons imagine that they are so arranged as to keep out the rain. The right name for these slats is abatsons, a word that means to throw down.

Their use is not to keep out the rain, because the wet does not hurt the bells at all and rain can beat in through the openings very easily. They are designed to turn the sound of the bells downward, so that persons on the ground can hear them better. In the middle ages some of these abatsons were beautifully carved and decorated.—New York Press.

The Game of Lacrosse.

The game known as lacrosse was originally played by the Canadian Indians, and from them adopted successively by the French and English settlers, and by them introduced to the United States. The object of the game is to drive the ball through goals situated at each end of the field. The players are usually twelve on a side. In 1867 the Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed, and an Indian team visited Great Britain, creating great excitement. The game is one of real importance in the English sporting world.

Clearly Incompetent.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the license clerk.

"Great heavens, young man!" exclaimed the experienced prima donna. "Don't you read the papers?"

Whereupon she wired immediate instructions to discharge her press agent.—Washington Star.

Kept Sober, But—

After a banquet a prominent man was asked by a close friend:

"Well, did you manage to stay sober?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but my health was drunk."—Judge's Library.

Discretion.

Willie—Paw, what does discretion mean? Paw—Picking out a small man when you are looking for trouble.—London Tit-Bits.

THE PECTORAL FINS.

Without Them a Fish Would Stand Upon Its Head.

The pectoral fins of a fish are the two fins, one on each side, just back of the head. These fins aid the fish to some extent in swimming. They are small oars which the fish feathers very beautifully and are of value chiefly to preserve its equilibrium. It is with these fins that the fish maintains its horizontal position in the water when not swimming. Without them the fish would stand on its head. Sometimes a fish loses one or both of its pectoral fins by disease or by accident. A fish without pectoral fins is in a bad way.

While most fishes keep a horizontal position in the water when not swimming, there are fishes that do not. One of these fishes is the flatfish, which when motionless suspends itself in the water, head downward, at an angle of forty-five degrees or even nearer the perpendicular. A flatfish kept in an aquarium which had lost both its pectoral fins inclined over backward past the perpendicular when motionless to about the same angle that it would have kept in the other direction if its pectoral fins had been intact, so that when not in motion it seemed to be lying at an angle on its back.

In the same aquarium there was a striped bass weighing about a pound and a half, one of whose pectoral fins was attacked at the tip by fungus, which gradually encroached upon it. Finally the diseased portions of the fin were cut off with a pair of sharp shears, the cut being made within the sound part of the fin. At first the fish was like a man in a boat pulling one long oar and one short one—it couldn't hold a course. But it soon accustomed itself to its new condition, and thereafter it got along very comfortably.

TEST YOUR LUNGS.

A Simple Method by Which One May Measure His Development.

People often suffer from weak, undeveloped lungs without suspecting it. True, small, feeble lungs are usually associated with a small, narrow or sunken chest, but not invariably. By means of the misuse of physical culture it is possible to develop large chest muscles, thus acquiring a big chest measurement, while the lungs remain small and ill nourished.

Again, lung mischief is often so slow and insidious in its approach that the trouble is not discovered until it is firmly established. Here, however, is a simple test which will tell you whether your lungs are healthy or not:

Take as deep a breath as you can, and then, in a slow but distinct voice count from one onward as far as you can without taking in more breath. The number of seconds you can continue counting is a pretty reliable index to the state of your lungs, so you should have some one to time you.

If your lungs are sound and normally developed your range will be between twenty and thirty-five seconds. If your limit is between ten and twenty seconds, there is no need to be alarmed; probably your lungs are merely in need of exercise, to be really obtained by regular deep breathing in pure air. A range of less than ten seconds, however, points to more or less mischief, and you should not delay in having your lungs examined by a medical man.—London Answers.

Chair of the Giant Idris.

One of the mountain peaks of north Wales is known as the Chair of Idris, or Cader Idris, as the Welsh people call it, because its top is hollowed out like an immense couch. According to local tradition, whoever spends a night in the Chair of Idris will on the following morning be dead, raving mad or endowed with the loftiest poetical inspiration. No one seems to know exactly who Idris was or when he lived, but he must have been a giant if his body was in proportion with his celebrated "chair." Mrs. Hemans has a fine poem with the Chair of Idris as the theme, and Tennyson also mentions it in "Ænid."

Tact!

In the days when Mrs. George Cornwallis West was Lady Randolph Churchill she mixed considerably among politicians and political affairs, and one story told of her shows how she scored off Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the late Sir William Harcourt: They were chaffing her about some paintings she had done.

"But why not paint us?" one of them asked. "Where can you find more attractive models?"

"Impossible!" Lady Randolph exclaimed. "I could never paint you black enough!"—London Tit-Bits.

Fifth Monarchy Men.

The fifth monarchy men formed a religious sect that sprang up in the days of Charles I. of England. They were so called from the fact that they asserted that in the last days the four ancient monarchies, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Babylonian and the Roman, would be restored, and to them would be added a Christian monarchy, or fifth monarchy, of which Christ would be the king.

Secret Account.

Family Physician—The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality. Mrs. Gayman—I felt sure he was deceiving me about something! Doctor, I give you my word I never knew he had any account there.—Exchange.

Making excuses takes time that is better spent in "making good."—Youth's Companion.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SAATTECK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LA All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Building SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office over Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 1 to 2 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist.
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything to be found in

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

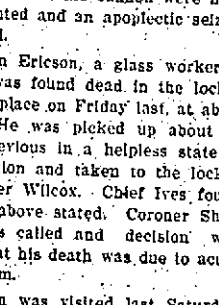
¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

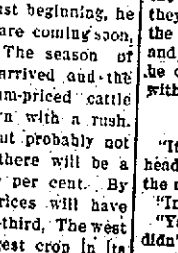
¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.



BOYS! THIS BALL GLOVE AND THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (6 MONTHS) 50c

We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money," by Walter Camp and The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of the magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of the finest tan leather, felt padded, web thumb, and deep pocket. We absolutely guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the glove, magazine and book.



Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all newsstands. 10c a copy.

Low Price—BUT—High-Grade Quality

A combination that can't be beat—and found only in

DAVIS BAKING POWDER

All good Grocers sell it or will get it for you.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—H. W. Rubin is advertising new fall hats and neckwear in his space this week.

—Our lady readers will be deeply interested in Fry & Comes' advertisement this week.

—H. C. Wells tells of a full line of Colgate's toilet articles in this issue. Look up his advertisement.

—Methodist Episcopal church, morning subject, "A Requirement of All Men." Evening subject, "Government of the People."

—Mrs. Lewis Marks entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford, on King street.

—William Barrett, a woodsman, aged about 55 years, dropped dead at Norwich on Saturday last from heart failure. He had eaten his dinner and started out to work from one of the camps when he dropped dead. Coroner Sherman was notified and he decided that his death was due to natural causes.

—A dispatch from Elmira dated August 30 says: Mrs. Anna Palmer, of Owego, died here to-day from the shock of an artillery salute for Governor Dix yesterday at the dedication of a monument erected in honor of General Sullivan, her great grandfather. When the cannon were fired, she fainted and an apoplectic seizure followed.

—John Ericson, a glass worker of Kane, was found dead in the lockup at that place on Friday last, at about noon. He was picked up about an hour previous in a helpless state of intoxication and taken to the lockup by Officer Wilcox. Chief Ives found him as above stated. Coroner Sherman was called and decision was made that his death was due to acute alcoholism.

—Olean was visited last Saturday afternoon by an extremely heavy fall of rain which the sewers were inadequate to carry off and the water backed up in the pipes in many cases to the upper floors and overflowed, causing much damage. The Olean House and the H. W. Maracus store were damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars and the new Conklin Wagon company and Myrick Machine company were forced to shut down by having their boiler rooms flooded.

—Many cattle in Elk county are said to be going blind from a contagious trouble known as optarlmia. The disease resembles a cataract on the human eye. A scum gradually covers the eyeball, and in a couple of weeks the animal becomes totally blind. A letter from the State Live Stock Sanitary Board advises those who have stock thus afflicted to consult local veterenarians, saying that they are perfectly able to cope with this disease.

—A dispatch from St. Marys, Pa., says that Kersey, a town six miles south of that place was visited by a terrible hail and wind storm on Saturday which practically destroyed all the crops in that section and did damage to the extent of $75,000 or upwards. No human lives were lost, but many animals were killed. The high wind uprooted trees and unroofed sheds and outbuildings. It was the worst storm ever known in that section.

—Joseph Campbell, who is said to be suffering with palagra, is improving under the treatment he received in Buffalo. Although palagra is said to be an incurable disease, Dr. Winde of Buffalo is trying a treatment on Mr. Campbell which is certainly helping him, and his many friends now hope that he may be completely cured in a reasonably short time. Mr. Campbell is now in Hazelhurst attending to his duties in the drug store and feels much improved. This case will be watched with a great deal of interest by the medical profession of this section of the country.

—Relief from high prices for fresh meats is coming, says Edward Cudahy, president of the Cudahy Packing company. The drop in prices will come as the result of a run of grass-fed cattle, which is just beginning, he said. "Lower prices are coming soon, especially in beef. The season of grass-fed cattle has arrived and the heavy run of medium-priced cattle will bring prices down with a rush. Pork, too, will fall, but probably not until January, when there will be a reduction of about 10 per cent. By next summer pork prices will have declined probably one-third. The west is harvesting the biggest crop in its history, and prices of live stock are bound to go down."

—A story is told of a young man who, although he made a great deal of money, was always in debt because of his extravagance, says Lippincott's. Not long ago, however, he wooed and won a young woman of great wealth and immediately things took on a rosy hue. During the honeymoon the bride ventured to ask hubby whether the fact that she had money made any difference to him. "To be sure it does, my love," was the unexpected response. Whereupon wifey was a bit alarmed. "What difference?" she asked. "Why, darling," continued the husband, "it is such a comfort to know that if I should die you'd be provided for." "And if I should die?" added the bride. "Then, darling," was the reply, "I'd be provided for."

—According to a story in one of the Rochester newspapers, a few days ago two men were stranded in an automobile in Potter county, by the bursting of a tire, and arranged with a farmer to put the machine in his barn until they could get a new tire. Two days later they returned with the tire and inquired how much they owed the farmer for allowing the automobile to remain in the barn. They were told $5, which they paid. When the new tire had been put on the machine the farmer was invited to get in and take a ride with them. He was bareheaded and coatless, but finally was induced to get in. The first stop was made at Canandaigua, where the farmer protested against going further from home. The automobilists said they would return by another route and soon landed the farmer in Batavia, where they gave him the laugh and advised him to invest the $5 he had charged them for storage in a hat and ticket home.

—The Galeton Leader-Dispatch says: Last Sunday as Geo. Egbert's auto was skimming along the road between Coudersport and Port Allegany, the occupants of the car espied a huge but harmless snake crossing the road. Harry Martin, who has a mania for capturing the reptiles, lost no time in securing the snake and placed it underneath a pail in the rear of the car where he was sitting with his wife and Mrs. Egbert. The motion of the car caused the pail to tip and the snake crawled out, much to the discomfort of the ladies, who caused exclamation points to fly through the air in every direction. In order to restore peace and quiet, as well as the good will of the ladies, Harry gathered up his unwelcome passenger and stopped the car while he proceeded to skin the snake. He had just nicely commenced his work when little snakes seven or eight inches in length appeared upon the scene, running in every direction. Nimble Harry was too quick for them, however, and succeeded in capturing 27 of the little fellows which he brought home with him and which he now has on exhibition at his office.

The Wrong Ones.

"My, but Sophronia and her family are lazy people!"

"Are they?"

"Why, I went there the other day, and, I give you my word, there was nothing working in the house but the preserves."—Baltimore American.

Aviation Foiled.

"The last time I saw you you were expecting a legacy and planning on doing some high flying."

"Yes, but my heirship was not successful."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Appropriate Advice.

"I'd like to get into some occupation with snap about it."

"Then why not peddle rat traps?"—Exchange.

Named For His Satanic Majesty.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that hardly a county in the British Isles is without some place or thing with the designation Devil, all of which prompts the thought that his Satanic majesty must be a holder of a considerable amount of property on this terrestrial globe. The Devil's Punch Bowl, the Devil's Bellows, the Devil's Kitchen, the Devil's Beef Tub, the Devil's Frying Pan, the Devil's Lake, the Devil's Dike, the Devil's Caldron, are a few instances which occur at random, scattered about in various parts of the country.—Dundee Advertiser.

Undressing While Swimming.

An authority on boating and swimming advises that every boy and girl who is learning to swim also learn to undress in the water, so that in case of falling overboard from a boat there will be less danger of drowning. Put on old clothes, he says, swim with one hand and the opposite foot and take off the shoe from the free foot with the free hand. After the shoes are off they being the first things to get rid of, the swimmer should turn on his back and take off his clothes or as many as he can get off, swimming meanwhile with his legs.—New York Herald.

What Makes the Valet.

"It's so ridiculous," said Cholly Sapphead, "to say that 'clothes don't make the man.'"

"Indeed?" replied Miss Pepprey.

"Yaas. You see, if a fellow like me didn't have such lots of clothes he wouldn't need a man."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Choice of Evils.

Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school? Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—Seneca.

Lighting the House of Commons.

The house is very often sparing of the gas bill, remarks the Manchester Guardian. On a quiet afternoon the debate will go on in the fading light of day till members can hardly see one another's faces, and then the clerk of the house suddenly realises that he cannot see the paper under his nose. He looks up and finds the house wrapped in shadows. He touches a bell, a servant comes in and receives the directions for the lights. The light is turned on in the attic above the glass panels with the rendering of the red rose. It arrives in the house like a shower of rain on a summer night. First a faint tentative stirring, a softening, a sponge in the face, then after that the deluge, and the room below is drenched in a mellow downpour. The dark spaces beneath the galleries drink it up like a thirsty land. The whole scene is refreshed. Strangers in the house look up into the roof and then they sit up and begin a more intelligent reading of the men and things below.

Dropping the English "H."

In the days when packet ships ran between New York and London a youthful passenger asked the English mate of the Christiana what there was in the leather tubing around the gunwales of the lifeboats.

"Hair, sir," he answered.

"Is there anything peculiarly buoyant about hair?" asked the American youth.

"If you don't know that you don't know much," replied the mate, with a look of contempt as he moved to another part of the ship.

The youth was humiliated and a few days later asked the captain why hair was so buoyant in water. That authority replied that he didn't know that it was and inquired why the youth thought it was so.

"Why, sir, your mate told me that there was hair in the tubes of the lifeboats to make them float when capsized."

"Ah," answered the captain, laughing. "He's a Cockney; he means air."

Where the Gray Hairs Came From.

The attitude of the commanding generals of the north and the south toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and the Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the course of the conversation Lee turned to Meade, who had been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said, pleasantly:

"Meade, years are telling on you. Your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs."

Spencer and Colors.

Herbert Spencer's notions of art were very crude. His favorite color was what he called "impure purple." He wore "impure purple" gloves and, finding that the furniture was a little somber, had a binding of "impure purple" pasted around it by a seamstress. He cut the first strip himself and showed her how to stick it on with paste. He had his vases filled with artificial flowers. He wished to have everything bright about him and consequently enjoyed color. When it was suggested he could get that in real flowers he replied: "Bosh! They would want constant replenishing!" He wanted to know why the people should object to artificial flowers in a room any more than to an artificial landscape.—"Home Life With Herbert Spencer."

Giving Him a Choice.

"I don't want oatmeal!" screamed the kid.

"You must have oatmeal," said his father.

"Never force anything on a child like that," interposed uncle, who has theories. "Always give the child a choice."

"All right," said the father. "Now, kid, you can have oatmeal or you can have a clip on the jaw. Which is it?"

The child took oatmeal.—Washington Herald.

In Doubt.

Ethel (who is not famous for her good looks)—I don't see why you should call Miss Whitmore plain. I'm sure I only wish I were half as good looking as she is. Fred—You are, Ethel; you know you are. (And Ethel is wondering whether he meant to compliment her.)

Too Sweet.

Mrs. Beach—Here is a letter from Charles. Mr. Beach—Read it. Mrs. Beach (reading)—My dearest, darlingest mother. Mr. Beach—Great heavens! The scoundrel needs more money.

His Resources About Exhausted.

Father—Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged.

Doing Right.

Doing the right, or what you honestly believe to be right, breeds courage in accordance with natural law. It inspires a resolve, and in its wake come a host of minor virtues.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.

A. T. Palmer

Livery, Feed, Sale and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions.

SMETHPORT, PA.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns
For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Name Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

The Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and

GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

LEGAL BLANKS

OIL AND GAS LEASES
FARM LEASES
NOTES, etc.

When in need of printed blanks call at this office, we carry a full line

Sapphire Birth Stone of SEPTEMBER

Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
Smethport, - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

Sano
MAIN
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Marriage, Obituaries and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1912

Alexander Pope well describes the standpatters when he says: "Fixed like a root on some peculiar spot, to draw nutrition, propogate and rot."

The news from Vermont, Ohio and California, politically speaking, is not very cheering to the Old Guard. For the first time in history Vermont has failed to give a majority to the Republican party.

Twenty-four persons dead and property loss to the amount of $5,000,000 sustained, was the result of a torrential rain which swept a portion of Western Pennsylvania and Northern Virginia, Sunday night. The country over which the storm passed, was practically devastated. Severe electrical disturbances accompanied the downpour and high wind, and the three elements combined to carry terror to the residents of the affected district. In several instances entire families were swept away, and when full reports are in, it is believed that the fatality list will be found much larger than at first supposed.

There is a world of food for thought in the leading editorial of the Saturday Evening Post of last week when is says: "THE NEW PARTY IS THE ONLY ONE THAT HAS A SINGLE INTELLIGENT AND HONEST WORD TO SAY UPON THE TRUST PROBLEM," and further states that "Mr. Taft's party is still infatuated with the law under which trusts multiplied and flourished as never before." And sums up the situation by saying that the Democratic party "rests upon a naive faith that the only way out of the difficulty lies in 'busting' everything of size. There, Mr. Voter, you have the plain unvarnished opinion of one of the ablest and most conservative publications in the United States, and a paper whose aim is to tell the people the whole truth without political bias.

When you are making up your mind who you will vote for at the coming presidential election take into consideration that fact the Progressive party is headed by two of the most forceful and energetic men in the United States and that the leaders of this party are composed thoroughly progressive men, while the Democratic party, with Wilson and Marshall as its standard bearers, is composed of many progressive men but has among its leaders many of the most pronounced reactionaries in the country. Admitting that Wilson and Marshall are progressive, can they with reactionary backing, accomplish anywhere near the good that Roosevelt and Johnson, backed entirely by thoroughly progressives, can? Vote for Roosevelt and Johnson and your own and your neighbors best interests.

It is always with regret that one finds it necessary to sever old ties and old affiliations and, particularly is this true of a newspaper, pioneer of its county and established during a time when party loyalty and devotion to country were necessary to preserve our nation. But, part we must, if to remain regular to the Republican party it is necessary to sacrifice our integrity and probity by condoning a national fraud perpetrated at Chicago in July, when the registered wills of the people in the great Republican states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, California and others were ignored. We have supported the Republican party in the past because it was a party of construction and not destruction; of progression and not retrogression, but "the mill never grinds with the water that is past" and continued progression is just as essential in politics as it is in medicine, mechanics and the sciences, and for this reason, that we may go forward, not backward, we must cast our lot with the progressive or Washington party, as it is known in this state.

For years past we were led to believe that the great law schools of Columbia University at New York, and the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, stood preeminent among the law schools of this country, turning out perhaps more of our noted lawyers than any ohter two schools. It was, nevertheless, the Deans of these respective law schools who wrote the much-condemned "recall of judicial decisions" in the platform of the progressive party and which Roosevelt so strongly advocated in his Columbus speech. The poor layman is confronted with a peculiar paradox; the pupils of just such great men, now become corporation lawyers, are condemning this suggested change as anarchistic and socialistic. Are we to withhold the attendance of our children from these institutions because they advance dangerous economic ideas, as the corporation lawyers would have us believe—or are we to believe that these great teachers of the law suggest these changes to correct legal abuse. We no doubt will be answered that the lay mind can not grasp such matters.

Boise Penrose says that Col. Roosevelt should not be made president again because in 1904 the Standard Oil company furnished money for Roosevelt's campaign. He is not sure that Roosevelt knew any money came from the Standard, but he says Roosevelt ought to know it. He admits receiving $25,000 from John D. Archibold of the Standard Oil company, but evidently thinks he clears his skirts by saying that he turned it over to be used in the Roosevelt campaign in New York state. If Senator Penrose did not stand pretty close to the Standard Oil company why should Mr. Archibold send such an amount of money to a United States Senator from Pennsylvania that was to be used in the New York campaign. And, as it is a crime to receive such assistance from a big trust in a presidential election, why is Senator Penrose not wholly unfitted for United States Senate for the part he played in the game, even if the facts are just as Mr. Penrose claims they are? Senator Penrose admits he illegally took the money and we do not see, how it excuses him in the least even if be turned it over to the political managers as he claims. He has admitted enough to satisfy the people that he should be retired from the high office he holds.

HOLDUP MAN IN ELDRED.

Mrs. Aleck Lang Was Robbed One Night Last Week.

The victim of a snatching street thief, Mrs. Aleck Lang of Punxsutawney, was the sufferer of a nerve-racking experience Tuesday evening about 9:30 o'clock, when she was knocked down and a purse containing between six and seven dollars taken.

Mrs. Lang, who, with her husband, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Dangotte, on Mechanic street, was in town with Mrs. Dangotte shopping Tuesday evening. An electrical storm and drizzling rain caused the ladies, in order to get home as quickly as possible, to take a short cut, by going up Bennett street and past the Kervin glass factory. Upon reaching the creek bridge, Mrs. Dangotte was a few feet ahead. Here a man sprang out from behind Mrs. Lang and seized her purse, at the same time striking her heavily in the back, whereupon she fell to the ground unconscious.

Mrs Dangotte had walked a short distance ahead before she became aware that her companion was not following, and, going back she found her. Assistance was procured and the lady taken home, where she quickly recovered.

Mrs. Dangotte states that a flash of lightning, which came at the moment the man had hold of the purse, showed him to be a man short of stature and clean shaven, one whom she had never seen before but whom she would know if ever she saw him again. She was unable to state how he was dressed. About $20 more which was secreted elsewhere on her person was not gotten by the thief.—Eldred Eagle.

STATE ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Some Facts About Work Being Done in This and Adjoining States.

Harrisburg, August 28.—Almost $25,000,000, or one-half of the amount of the bond issue which it is proposed to issue in Pennsylvania for the construction of a system of State highways, was appropriated by the State of New York last year for the construction and maintenance of roads. In the same year Pennsylvania's total appropriations for road purposes approximated hardly one-fourth of the amount specifically devoted to roads in New York state.

New York in the same year reorganized its State Highway administration, abolishing the highway commission of three members and creating a State Highway Department along the lines followed by the Sproul highway department act of 1911 in this State. The same general plan for construction of highways has been adopted in Ohio and Maryland, which have created highway departments and set aside large sums for the making of experiments and the necessary work preliminary to the establishment of a system of State highways. New Jersey is planning development of its already extensive system of highways and Indiana, Illinois, Texas, Kansas and other western states have embarked in road building on a scale which will make the Keystone State hustle to hold up its end.

Figures obtained by the Pennsylvania Motor Federation, which is working earnestly for the establishment and maintenance of a system of roads that will connect country market towns and traverse the rich farming and scenic sections of Pennsylvania, show how New York has undertaken to build and maintain roads which at many points will connect with those projected in Pennsylvania.

The New York appropriations are an object lesson to Pennsylvania, who will be called on next year to vote on the proposition to issue $50,000,000 of bonds, divided over a period of years, for road construction. For 1911 alone New York appropriated:

For construction of certain specified roads, $13,955,000.

For improvement of public highways $8,000,000.

For State proportion of amounts appropriated for repairs of highways, $1,795,254.27.

Maintenance and repair of highways constructed by state aid, $1,207,079.

In the same year the Pennsylvania appropriations were as follows:

Construction of state highways, $3,000,000.

For state aid in construction of highways, $1,000,000.

For construction of township roads, $500,000.

For payment to townships of amount due under road tax, $690,000.

For construction of National road, $300,000.

For reimbursement of townships, $17,000.

Maryland in 1911 appropriated $1,000,000 for road construction in addition to other expenses authorized.

Under the plan proposed for the Pennsylvania highway system $50,000,000 will be availble for construction of highways, thereby relieving the general revenue of that charge and making possible generous appropriations for state aid in construction of roads, for townships or dirt roads and for bonus on the road tax. The scheme of bond issues will be such as to distribute the burden of carrying the interest and sinking fund charges. In New York, appropriations for charges in connection with the highway department bond issues were made in addition to the enormous appropriations for construction as follows: For interest, $1,030,000; and for sinking fund or redemption charges, $1,700,000.

New York highways have brought hundreds of thousands of dollars of revenue into the state through increased traffic and added vastly to the value of farms as well as enabled farmers to obtain ready access to markets. Pennsylvania can not afford to lag.

GRANGERS AT CENTRE HALL.

For the Patrons of Husbandry Exhibition at Centre Hall, Pa., September 14 to 20, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Centre Hall from stations in Pennsylvania, and from Baltimore and Elmira, at reduced rates (minimum fare 50 cents). Tickets will be sold September 13 to 20; good to return to reach original starting point not later than September 23. It

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadillac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadillac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
tf Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

HUTTON'S HIPPODROME.

Famous Roman Hippodrome and Chariot Races Each Day of the Fair, Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.

While we of to-day put up large purses for horse races, hundreds of years ago the ancient Romans did the same for chariot races. All ancient history of Rome tells us of these races.

Different shows, such as Barnum & Bailey, Sells Bros. and other large circuses, put on a chariot race of short distance, but this year, for the first time, these races will be pulled off at this fair on a larger scale.

Without a doubt, these are the nearest to the real Roman races, for each is a half mile long. It is a sensational act, the two big chariots are drawn by four magnificent horses, and the race is a fast one. The horses have been selected with great care as to their speed and beauty. The mounted harness on these beautiful animals drawing chariots of attractive colors and the drivers wearing costly costumes, enkindle the spirit of the ancient days of Rome.

Besides the chariot races, this troupe puts on the Roman Standing race, Hurdle races, Horses and Hound races, Flat races, Running races, High Jump races and a Riderless race. They have not less than twelve of the best blooded horses to be found. They travel in their own special cars.

This troupe's trip this season includes big fairs like Hartford, Conn., and around the vicinity of Boston, and other New England state fairs. The association was very fortunate in securing this attraction if it did cost a considerable amount of money.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Fred Hungiville was a Buffalo visitor the first of the week.

Fred Taylor of Erie is visiting relatives and friends in town.

John E. Mullin of Kane was in town on business the fore part of the week.

E. R. Sherman of Bradford was a business visitor in this place Monday.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned Sunday from an extended trip in New York city.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer and son, Robert, were in Buffalo last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. M. C. Bain and son Raymond, were Bradford visitors the first of the week.

Howard E. Merrill of New York city was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Misses Pearl Green and Elsie Sherer were Bradford and Olean visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Irons were in Olean yesterday to attend the fair and races.

Walter Daniels, son, Jake and Curt Witherow attended the Olean fair and races to-day.

Miss Rita Gorton has returned home from an extended visit with friends in Port Allegany.

Rev. J. H. McCandless was the guest of relatives and friends in Pittsburgh last week.

Geo. W. King and daughter, Miss Roxie L. King, left yesterday for a visit to the Toronto fair.

Robert King of Pittsburgh was the guest of relatives and friends in this place a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes and sons, Marvin and Delano, left Tuesday for Pronto where they will attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Deverceaux and daughter, Edna, are spending some time in various cities in New Jersey.

Miss Mary Amster who has been visiting relatives and friends in Chicago for some time, returned home Saturday.

Miss Charlotte Hector who has been visiting relatives in this place for several weeks, left for her home in Chicago, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Senn and daughters left Monday for Clarion where they expect to make their future home.

William Miller who has been spending the summer with relatives in this place returned to his home in New York city, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. King and son, Horace, of Regina, Canada, are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King.

Mrs. Floyd Heath and daughter, Louise, were the guests of Mrs. Heath's sister, Mrs. O. J. Wettrick, of Coudersport, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, daughter, Marion, and son, William, have returned home from Stow, on Chautauqua Lake, where they have been for some time.

Mrs. C. C. Freeman who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Freeman for some time, was called to Hornell, Friday, on account of the death of her brother.

Allen G. King, who has been in Regina and other Canadian cities for the past seven months, returned to Smethport, Monday, for a few weeks' visit with friends and relatives.

Misses Frances Holsopple of Huntingdon; Miss Georgia Preston, of New Castle, and Hazel McAllister, of Colegrove, have arrived in this place and are employed as teachers in the borough schools for the year.

New Fall Hat — New Neckwear

New FALL HATS

First Showing

All the novelties

We are ready for a look.

$1.00 to $3.00

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND **MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL**, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

COW EASE

Warranted to do good work.

Saves Money for the Farmers.

FOR SALE BY

CHAS. W. MASSER,

SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

WAVERLY HIGH POWER

A high grade gasoline that never goes back on you. Most motorists know that inferior gasoline gives more auto trouble than any other one thing.

Waverly Gasolines

76° — Special — Motor

Power without carbon. Quick ignition—never fails. Waverly gasolines insure instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Your dealer has them. If not, write us.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil.

FREE—200 Page Book—tells all about oils.

GASOLINE WAVERLY

SMALL —PATTERNS— PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Everything In Stone Wear

Small crocks from 1 qt. to 3 gal.
Large crocks up to 30 gal.
Churns from 3 gal. to 12 gal.
Mixing bowls in all sizes.
Flower pots from 3 inches up.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

You Pay Less Here

We find we help ourselves most by first helping others. Compare our prices with the prices you pay elsewhere and you will be convinced. We save you money on the same quality bought from the same factory. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to quality and prices or your money refunded. A few of the many prices given belew.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Niagara corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	19c
Large size Pet Milk, 9c, 3 for	25c
Large size Post Tonsties 9c, 3 for	25c
Maple Flake 9c, 3 for	25c
8 Bars Lenox soap	25c
8 Bars Fels Neptha soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	39c
Medium Red Salmon	15c

Choice Fruits and Vegetables

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 5, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Gaskin on Monday, September 2, 1912, a girl.

—Prospects for a successful McKean County Fair and Races were never brighter.

—A corn roast was held Tuesday evening by a party of young people, on Brennan's hill.

—Miss Hester Kerr entertained a few friends last Saturday in honor of her twelfth birthday.

—G. H. Hyde has moved his family into the home of Mrs. Hyde's father, C. H. Dickinson, on Bank street.

—E. A. Hamilton has purchased the Peter Miller property on Cemetery street and has moved into the same.

—Rev. J. W. McGavern expects to attend the District Conference next Monday and Tuesday at Whitesville, N. Y.

—The first day of September the American express office was moved from the M. L. Armstrong store to the Kushequa station.

—The picnic held at the Methodist Episcopal chapel last Thursday afternoon and evening was a most enjoyable affair. A goodly number were present.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin of this place underwent a surgical operation at the Bradford Hospital this morning, Dr. G. E. Benninghoof and Dr. McCoy attending. Mrs. Hamlin rallied from the shock very nicely and is said to be improving rapidly.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wirt of this place, at the home of Mrs. Wirt's parents at Great Valley, N. Y., on Monday, September 2, 1912, an 8½ pound girl.

—The Backus Novelty Company is doing an extensive business in the sale of automobiles this summer. Last Friday and Saturday they sold four Flanders cars.

—Seymour Gifford of Kane is in the county jail on the charge of having stolen a watch and Ed. McQuillan also of Kane, is in jail charged with the larceny of a gas engine from his father. Both will be held awaiting the action of the grand jury.

—Charles Foster, a veteran of the Civil war, aged 83 years, died at his home in Larabee last Friday morning, of old age. A widow survives. Funeral was held Monday, Rev. Cady of Port Allegany officiating, interment being made at Eldred.—Eldred Eagle.

—Rural route men serving routes of 24 or more miles in length are rejoicing over the new increase in pay the post office bill that has just become a law provides for them. Their salary is fixed at $1,100 a year, $100 more than heretofore.—Kane Republican.

—Fifteen little girls enjoyed a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Healy, on Saturday afternoon, in honor of Jane Cramer, of Smethport, who is Edna Healy's guest. Pleasant games were enjoyed by the little folks, and then a luncheon was served.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—The following Smethport young ladies will teach in the nearby schools this year: Miss Helen McGowan will teach the third and fourth grades at Norwich; Miss Ellanorah Colegrove, [illegible] Miss Chloe Lyle, at Memphurst; Miss Theo Freeman and Miss Mabel Lyle, at East Smethport, and Miss Myrtle McCarthy at St. Marys.

—The second baseball team of this place went to Mt. Jewett last Friday and played a game with the second team from Kane. The score was 9 to 0 in favor of Smethport in the first half of the ninth inning, when the Smethport team was compelled to leave to make their train.

—The Smethport baseball team has three games scheduled ahead which everybody should turn out to see. Saturday they play the strong Olean team at Kane field, and on Sunday they play the same team at East Smethport. Monday the fast Johnsonburg team will be here and play at Kane field.

—Mrs. Geo. Russell and Mrs. F. E. Armstrong were in Olean, Sunday, visiting the fomer's sister, Mrs. Ashley Thompson, who is mother of a wee little bit of humanity, a three weeks' old babe that weighs about 1½ pounds. The little curiosity is kept wrapped in cotton, it being too small to dress.—Eldred Eagle.

—Aviator Mars, who has been making flights at the Olean fair this week, is in the hospital and his machine is more or less wrecked. When about 14 feet from the ground in making his start yesterday afternoon a sudden gust of wind overturned his machine and both came to the ground. Mars' injuries are not considered dangerous.

—If a person gets a fish bone in his throat it is said that it can be safely and easily removed by sucking and slowly swallowing the juice of a lemon. This is the safest way to remove a fish bone that is giving trouble, because the citric acid from the lemon first melts the bone to a jelly and therefore there is no danger of its giving further trouble in the stomach.

—Courtney L. Hazelton, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney L. Hazelton, of Bradford, and one of the owners of the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory in this place, died at the home of his parents last Saturday evening. The little fellow was a little over three years old and an exceptionally bright little boy, who will be greatly missed by many friends. His parents have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends in Smethport and vicinity.

—The Rev. Dr. Bratenall of Washington, D. C., secretary of the Third Missionary department, will visit St. Luke's church Tuesday evening, Sept. 10th, at 7:30, to speak of the general missionary work of the church. Dr. Bratenahl is one of the leading clergymen in the East. He was, until his election to his present position, a Canon of the Cathedral in Washington. He was elected secretary of the Third Department to succeed Bishop Garland, upon his consecration to the Episcopate. All are cordially invited to attend this service and hear this noted clergyman tell of the work of the church.

—The works of the Smethport Chemical company at East Smethport received a severe shock last Saturday which nearly put that enterprise out of business for a time. The Pennsylvania Railroad was backing a car in on the switch at the Chemical work's that had in some way been uncoupled. When the rest of the train was stopped this car kept right on going until it ran off the end of the switch and struck the corner of the building in which the stills are located. This part of the building was quite badly twisted but the stills held in place and the damage was comparatively slight.

—The twentieth anniversary of the consecration of St. Luke's Episcopal church of this place will be celebrated on Saturday, September 14, 1912. Twenty years ago St. Luke's church was consecrated with most impressive ceremonies, and Rev. Van Dyke, the present pastor, feels that this anniversary should be fittingly celebrated. On Friday evening, September 13, services with the Rev. G. H. Sharpley of Corry, as preacher, will be held. The services on Saturday, September 14, will be impressive and should be largely attended. The Rev. Martin Argner of Franklin will preach. Mr. W. J. Willson of Colegrove will be ordained at the service to be held Saturday morning, at 10:30.

—Word was received from Chicago last Sunday that the body of James Donnelly, formerly of Bradford, had been found floating in Lake Michigan. In his pockets were found a pass book of the First National Bank of Bradford and $1700 in currency. The deceased has not lived in Bradford for several years, but on August 14 he drew $1755 of this bank. How he lost his life is a mystery to the police because the finding of the money shows that he was not held up. An "open verdict" was returned by the coroner's jury. His wife died several years ago. He is survived by a brother, Peter, and a sister, Mrs. Reidy, who live in Chicago. Neither of them knew he was in that city.

A. P. Shay of Kane had business in town last Saturday.

D. M. Cooper is in Canandaigua, N. Y., on business this week.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy were Bradford visitors Monday.

Misses Elsie Sherer and Viola Badger were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mrs. Charles Lemmler and Miss Ada Calkins were Bradford visitors Friday.

E. W. Workley and son, Craig, are taking in the Toronto fair this week.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Claude A. Lyons left Wednesday for Hamburg, N. Y., where he will attend the fair.

Miss Jennie Kohn is spending her vacation with relatives and friends in Chicago.

Paul Drown of Buffalo was the guest of friends and relatives in town the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kerr of DuBois spent Sunday with the former's brother, W. J. Kerr.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fleming and daughter of Kane were Smethport visitors Saturday.

A. A. Daly of Warren was in town this week to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Walter Daly.

Miss Helen Gleason, who has been visiting relatives in Springfield, N. Y., returned home Saturday.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis left Tuesday for Buffalo to visit her sister, Mrs. Chas. Hartmayer, for a few days.

Norman and Evelyn Simpkins returned home Saturday from an extended visit at Atlantic City.

Edward Tretton, of Wellsville, N. Y., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton, last week.

Miss Rose Allen returned Saturday from a visit with her nephews, Allen and Henry Hatch, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Anton Anderson and child, of Bradford, are visiting Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Baker, of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Baker's mother, Mrs. Fuller.

Miss Emma Tretton who has been spending the summer with relatives in Rochester and Philadelphia, returned home Friday.

Miss Williams, of Orange, N. J., who has been the guest of Miss Winifred Roeder at Farmers Valley, has returned to her home.

Miss Sarah and Allison Tormey, who have been guests of Miss Rita Roeder at Farmers Valley, have returned to their home in Ulysses.

"Jack" Bowen who has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, for the past three weeks, returned to his home in Bradford Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McGavern and son, Charles, of Olean, and Mrs. A. K. Stanbro, of Ellicottville, N. Y., were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bosworth and daughter, Miss Charlotte, who have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Bosworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin, for some time, have returned to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt, Mr. and Mrs. James Quirk, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham and daughter, Mrs. A. R. Braden, and Misses Bessie Engstrom and Cora Abbey were among the many from this place to leave Tuesday morning for Toronto.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Canary Birds For Sale

German Roller and Golden Linnet Canary birds.

MRS. L. A. McINTYRE,
Coryville, - - - Pa.

SUCH A BARGAIN!

44] Splendid School Suits will be sold at $2.00

These are Spring and Summer Suits, but really heavy enough for fall wear. Regular $3.50 $4.00 and $4.50 but we are going to "clear 'em out" at

$2.00

made in Norfolk, 3 button and double breasted—all have knicker-bocker pants; sizes 7 to 14

Hurry if you want a bargain.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

Used By Nearly All Dressmakers

and Women of Taste Who Make Their Own Clothes.

MISS M. E. LINDSAY
OF NEW YORK

Representative of the manufacturers of Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, will be with us

September 6

Bring her your pattern and dressmaking problems. You'll be welcomed.

Fry & Comes

438 Pairs Mens' Fine Black Sox AT HALF PRICE.

This is a special purcease of Oneida Hosiery "Seconds."

These sox have slight imperfections—an occaseonal dropped stitch, a brokee thread.

In most instances you'll have to look closely to discover a fault; so carefully have they been mended by hand.

Except as above noted these sox are perfect and have finish, fit and wear equaled by few of old at 25c per pair.

The Price 15c per pair
2 pairs for 25c

Fry & Comes

Smethport, - Pa.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in our feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Colegates Toilet Articles.

Our line of Colgates Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go to Brasted's

Bought In London

A Story of "Retributive Justice"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Although we composed the law firm of Hurley & Rogers in the Spindle building, my partner, Jack Rogers, and I had so successfully solved a number of little mysteries that we were often consulted on matters that really belonged to the sphere of the detective.

I suppose that is how it happened that one fine April morning our office door opened to admit a tall, lank, dark man of past middle age, who gazed inquiringly at us from melancholy black eyes.

"Harley & Rogers?" he inquired politely.

My partner arose and offered him a chair. "This is Mr. Harley," he introduced me, with a flourish of his arm, "and I'm Rogers."

"I presume it will be necessary to consult both of you," began the stranger, producing a card which bore the name of Mr. Melancthon Thorne, known to us by reputation as a rich man and an eccentric one.

"Well, what can we do for you, Mr. Thorne?" I asked briskly, for it was our custom always to appear to be heels over head in business when as a matter of fact we had not as yet an extensive clientele of the right sort—the litigant sort, I should say.

"I have heard of your success in unraveling a number of mysteries, and I have called upon you for similar services."

"Yes?" Jack's tone was alert, and I was agog with interest. We dearly loved our adventures in "slenthing."

"I have suffered a loss." Mr. Thorne frowned heavily, and I could have sworn a tear came into his hard eye. "It is murder, downright murder!"

We gasped. This was something new.

"Hum!" said Jack in a businesslike tone. "Give us the particulars, please."

"Well, when I arose this morning he was dead on the door," declared Mr. Thorne.

"Who was dead?" we asked in unison, and I furtively reached for the morning paper on Jack's desk.

"Ulysses was stone dead on the rug in the library. He sleeps there most of the time. He has the asthma, and it is a warm spot."

"Ah. Ulysses is—er—your butler?" ventured Jack.

Mr. Thorne stared savagely at my partner. "Butler? Good heavens, no, man! He is my dog."

A tear dimmed the other hard black eye of our new client.

"You suspect some one of killing your dog? Have you an enemy—had your dog an enemy?"

"I suppose I have enemies—most rich men have them—but poor Ulysses could not have had one. I've owned him for years. He was a pug, a thoroughbred and a blue ribbon winner in his younger days. He was always of a kindly disposition and greatly beloved by all my servants. Indeed, I had a butler who felt quite honored when Ulysses once bit him playfully on the calf of his leg."

Jack's hand hid the smile on his face. "I suppose Hawkins felt no ill effects from the playful bite?" he asked.

Mr. Thorne shrugged a careless shoulder. "I believe he suffered from a slight limp after that, but he always said he didn't mind as long as Ulysses didn't mean any harm. In fact, I am positive the fellow didn't hold malice, for often after that I have come upon him standing in close proximity to Ulysses and looking at him fixedly—kindly, I should say."

"No doubt," murmured Jack hastily "Is Hawkins with you now?"

"No; he has retired to a small farm outside the city. He has a family of grown up sons and daughters."

"You say you found the dog dead—you are positive he did not die from natural causes?"

"I called in a physician. He pronounced it a case of arsenic poisoning."

"Have you any idea who might have done this thing?" queried Jack.

"No. The servants in the house are above suspicion."

"Suppose we walk around to the scene of the—er—crime and look over the situation," suggested Jack, and I arose with alacrity to accompany them.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Thorne's electric car discharged us before the door of his dignified stone mansion. He led us directly to the library, where a pathetic sight met our eyes.

There, lying in state, was the deceased Ulysses.

A white fur rug had been laid on a table and upon it was the pug dog. Around his neck was a gold collar studded with turquoises.

Rogers and I took a survey of the room. It was a handsome apartment, the walls lined with bookcases and the desks and tables littered with books and pamphlets. In one corner was a typewriting machine.

"You have a private secretary?" asked Jack.

"I did have one, but he left me recently. I have been advertising for a young woman to take his place," responded Mr. Thorne, turning from a sad contemplation of his dead pet.

"You say you left Ulysses in excellent health when you retired last night, but that you found him dead this morning?" queried my partner.

"The last gentleman, whatever else I accuse all my servants," he said solemnly.

"Did you have any visitors yesterday in this room?"

"Several young women came in response to my advertisement for a secretary."

"Ah! Did Ulysses appear to object to the presence of any of them?"

"No—er—I believe he was rather playful with one young woman. She had removed her glove to show me a sample of her writing when Ulysses snatched at it and hid it somewhere. I was mortified that it could not be found, but the young woman was very gracious about it and said it did not matter in the least."

"You have not recovered the glove?"

"No; I haven't thought of it since."

"Did you hire the young woman?"

"No; I didn't decide upon any of them. She impressed me favorably. She is employed in a law office at present, but is dissatisfied with the situation. She appeared bright enough, but she had a bit of a Cockney accent that might grate upon me if I was compelled to listen to it daily." Mr. Thorne polished his eyeglasses with fastidious care.

"She was English, then?"

"Yes."

While my partner was talking to Mr. Thorne I was quite busy looking for the dropped glove. I found it presently and examined it with interest.

Its color impressed me at once. It was rather an unusual color in a lady's glove. It was bright green kid, or, rather, had been bright green until the playful Ulysses had chewed it into a dull looking rag. There were traces of its original color in spots, and the glove appeared to have been new. The name of the maker was there—"Panwith, London."

"I believe I have a clew, Mr. Thorne," I said, stuffing the glove into my pocket. "I will return in fifteen minutes;" and without further explanation I left the house and repaired to the shop of a friend of mine, a chemist.

He made a test and assured me that the green glove I showed him contained a deadly poison in the dye.

"Would it kill a dog if he chewed it up?" I asked.

"So dead that he'd never yap again," assured Pills solemnly, and I hastened with this information to the Thorne house.

"As a matter of fact, then, my poor Ulysses committed suicide, for his own playfulness led to his death," lamented Mr. Thorne when I had concluded. "Some one should warn the young woman of the deadly nature of the glove she still retains. I wonder if an advertisement inserted in the paper would be effective? Unfortunately, I have forgotten her name and address."

"Leave it to us, Mr. Thorne," I said confidently. "We will trace the young woman and warn her; also we will write to the manufacturer of the gloves and tell him of this fatal accident."

"You are indeed clever," said Mr. Thorne amiably as he shook hands with us, "and you merit the reputation you have gained along these lines. Poor Ulysses will be interred at the dog cemetery tomorrow. If you gentlemen care to attend"—

"With pleasure!" we murmured in unison, and it was not until we were out of sight of the house that I realized what we had said.

"How are you going to make good on the girl with the green glove?" asked Jack when we had stopped laughing.

"I'll show you," I said proudly. "I have remembered seeing another glove of this particular hue. Watch me!"

Jack watched me closely as we returned to the office and I entered my private room. I could hear Miss Dawson tapping the type machine in her cubbyhole of a room beyond. I pressed the button that would summon her to our presence.

She came, a large, fat, pink and white golden haired girl, who quivered like a blanc mange whenever she moved.

"I have found your other green glove, Miss Dawson," I said without preface.

"Oh, Mr. Harley!" she gasped, losing her pretty color. "You never did!"

"Yes. The pug dog at Mr. Thorne's snatched it from your hand yesterday and chewed it. It may interest you to know that the dog died from the effects of the feast. Are you related to the Hawkins who was formerly butler for Mr. Thorne?"

She nodded. "He's my grandfather, Mr. Harley."

"That's all, Miss Dawson—only there's a new pair of gloves coming to you; perhaps we better make it a dozen pairs."

Jack grinned appreciatively at me as she left the room smiling. "How did you ever bring her into the game?" he asked.

I lifted my waste paper basket and bade him look into it.

There on the pile of paper was an almost new bright green kid glove. Stamped on the lining the maker's name was plainly legible. "Panwith, London," it read.

"I noticed it there this morning, and the name must have stuck in my mind, because when I found the chewed glove there in the library I saw the name inside and found my first clew to our first murder mystery. Miss Dawson had thrown this odd glove away."

"Queer—queer as the devil, isn't it?" asked Jack.

"Yes, all of it. Think of the dog biting that old butler and laming him for life, and then the girl, his granddaughter, going there and by accident wearing these new gloves and the beast chewing one and dying. What do you call it?"

"Retributive justice!" declared my partner.

First Prize

Success Follows a Failure

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The crowd pushed through the entrance gates of the big county fair in a continuous stream. Outside the great fenced in area was a maze of vehicles of every description, from the humblest box wagon to the highly varnished and luxuriously equipped motorcar.

Inside the grounds there was as great a dissimilitude among the people wandering from one exhibit to another, streaming in and out of the sideshows or gathered in the refreshment tents.

Phoebe Sweet had arrived that morning in her father's comfortable two seated carriage, all the available space about her piled with daintily wrapped boxes for Phoebe always exhibited at the Corinth county fair, and her bread and cake and canned fruit always carried away the first prizes.

Today had been an exception, however, for one by one the coveted prizes had been awarded to another exhibitor, who in years past had been among the vanquished, and, although Phoebe had smiled bravely as she saw her products passed by, she was bitterly disappointed at the outcome.

Her father, arriving at the building too late, found her at the door, flushed and rather dejected. "Same old story, Phoebe, bird?" he asked affectionately.

She shook her head dolefully. "What is the matter with me, father? I didn't take a prize—not one!"

"Why-eee!" exploded Mr. Sweet, aghast. "What in thunder are those fellows thinking about anyway? What do they know about bread or cake or pies, eh? Let me have a look."

He was about to pass her when Phoebe caught his shoulder and shook him laughingly.

"It's no use, father, dear. Mrs. Scoville's products really are superior to mine. Let us go back and look at them, and please don't let any one know we are very much disappointed."

"I'll look as glad as I can that Mrs. Whats-her-name has carried off all the honors," smiled Mr. Sweet as he led his daughter down the building to the exhibit of domestic productions.

A few people were gathered about a table on which were set forth several loaves of beautifully baked bread, some toothsome frosted cakes and a row of vari-tinted canned fruits. A tall, sunburned young man was speaking to a short, plump, motherly looking woman.

"You've carried off honors for the family, Aunt Sabrina," he was saying cordially.

"Good land, George, I'm almost ashamed to have taken it. That pretty girl almost cried when they passed over her things with just 'honorable mention.' There's so few girls who can cook nowadays that they ought to be encouraged. Instead of an old woman like me stepping in. I declare, there she is now!"

Phoebe had heard the frankly spoken words and had flushed warmly. Mr. Sweet smiled good naturedly, and the woman, who was Mrs. Scoville, stepped forward with a pleasant, winning smile.

"You heard what I said," she remarked, holding out a plump hand to Phoebe. "And I meant it too. Your things look beautiful, and I'm sure they taste as good as they look."

"Thank you, Mrs. Scoville, you are too kind," said Phoebe gratefully. "This is my father; dad, this is Mrs. Scoville, who carried off the prizes this year. We must congratulate her."

Mrs. Scoville warmly insisted that Phoebe's dainties were as good as her own if not much better, and much time was spent in comparing the two exhibits.

"I used to see you carrying off the prize every year," said Mrs. Scoville at last, "and I told George, my nephew, that it was too bad a girl should carry off highest honors every year, so I pitched in and tried for the prizes, and now that I've got them all I don't feel a mite better. I feel just as you overheard me telling George. And, by the way, where is George?" She looked around for the sunburned young man who had been talking to her.

"If he was the tall young chap who was talking to you when we came up I saw him going over toward the race track," remarked Mr. Sweet.

"Oh, dear me! Of course he would be going there at this time. His little mare Princess will be in the three-year-old trotting class. Would you care to go over and see the race?"

"We expected to. I've got a horse in it myself," said Mr. Sweet. "My hired man is going to drive."

"George will drive himself," observed Mrs. Scoville as they walked across the grass toward the trotting course. "I do hope Princess will win. He's so fond of her and has set his heart on winning this race."

Phoebe, walking silently beside the two older people, looked like a pretty flower in her sheer white dress, from which her pink face, under a lacy white hat, trembled like a wind blown blossom. Childless and widowed Mrs. Scoville looked at the girl more than once as Mr. Sweet told of how cleverly his only child managed the motherless household.

"I don't know what I shall do if Phoebe ever gets married," he ended with a sigh.

"And that does not seem unlikely," smiled Mrs. Scoville over Phoebe's embarrassed head.

"I dislike every eligible young man," laughed Mr. Sweet good naturedly.

In the grand stand Phoebe felt a glow of interest in Mrs. Scoville's handsome nephew, George Belden, who appeared in a small sulky driving a dainty black mare. He scanned the faces in the grand stand and waved his cap toward his aunt.

"Ah, there comes Sam, driving Dewey!" exclaimed Mr. Sweet as a straw whiskered man came into view on the course. The horse Dewey, which had won many a heat for its owner, was a long, rawboned specimen of equine flesh, but with an enormous power of reserve strength that brought its homely nose under the line every time.

Sam saluted his employer, and Mr. Sweet waved his hat, and Phoebe fluttered a handkerchief. But her father noticed a singular lack of enthusiasm in her manner. Her eyes were not on her father's horse, but were following the course taken by George Belden's black mare.

"If you go back on Dewey, daughter, I shall feel that you have found another sweetheart than your old dad," he said in a low tone, and Phoebe's quick caress and blushing protest seemed to satisfy him.

Presently they were away, and the crowd on the grand stand held its breath while there sounded the sharp trot—trot—trot around the course.

From the very beginning Dewey took the lead, and the other racers stretched out obliquely on his left. The black mare Princess held her white nose close to the left wheel of Sam's sulky, and Phoebe discovered herself harboring traitorous thoughts.

She wanted Dewey to win, and she wanted George Belden to win. She didn't even know him to speak to, and yet she didn't want to see the look of disappointment come into his eyes. Yet she blushed at her own forwardness in harboring such thoughts.

As for her father, Mr. Sweet had taken the purse at the trotting course for many years, and would he not be disappointed if Dewey should fail him this last year that he would enter him? So Phoebe turned her blue eyes away from the black mare and fastened them loyally on Dewey's lank form and exerted all her mental powers to desire that his homely old nose should once more come under the wire in lead of his fellows.

"Princess is gaining—gaining!" cried Mrs. Scoville jubilantly, and then a quick frown creased her forehead. "Dear me; Mr. Sweet, I do wish George's mare was not running against your Dewey! It makes it hard to be impartial."

"Much obliged, Mrs. Scoville." I shan't take it hard if the youngster wins out. We old folks must retire some day. It's got down to a race between Princess and Dewey after all."

"I know George's heart will be broken," lamented Mrs. Scoville as Dewey flew under the wire to a loud demonstration from the crowd. "He'd set his heart on Princess winning this race, and he was so confident that he planned to take me on a trip to the mountains with the purse."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Sweet's eyes twinkled with pleasure in spite of himself. "But I'll promise to put Dewey out to grass after this and give the younger ones a chance."

"No, no! That wouldn't be what George calls 'sportsmanlike,'" protested Mrs. Scoville as they emerged from the stand and waited near the gate for George Belden's appearance.

When he came disappointment was plainly written on his frank face, but he swallowed it when he discovered that Mr. Sweet was Dewey's owner, and with good grace he congratulated the winner and was presented to Phoebe, whose few words of regret at the defeat of Princess seemed to compensate him for the loss of the race, for he regained his spirits immediately and proved to be a very genial, companionable young man.

They paired off then, Mrs. Scoville and Mr. Sweet leading the way, while Phoebe and George lingered along, becoming better acquainted as they viewed the different exhibits and enjoyed the simple pleasures of the fair.

George Belden inspected Phoebe's cakes and bread and gravely asserted that he could see no difference between those toothsome viands and his aunt's products that had carried off the honors. And Phoebe blushed and dimpled and thanked him and confided to him that she had been almost sorry to see Dewey win the race—because—because she had taken such a fancy to the dainty little Princess.

Of course George invited her to take a ride behind the black mare, and as the Sweets lived ten miles distant from George Belden's farm it became something of a custom for the young man to drive over and spend a Sunday with the Sweets and take Phoebe out driving and, later on, sleighing.

When June came around Phoebe Sweet sought her father one evening and wound her arms about his neck. "Oh, father," she whispered softly, "George says he did win first prize at the Corinth fair last fall—that's me! And I think I won first prize in getting him! You don't mind, do you?"

Mr. Sweet kissed her lovingly and looked into her soft blue eyes with his twinkling one.

"It takes the old folks to win out, after all, honey," he said. "You see, Mrs. Scoville and I both took first prizes at Corinth fair, and we're taking 'em again now, because she'll have me, and I'll have her, and Dewey's prize money will pay for wedding trips all around!"

Which proved to be a most satisfactory arrangement.

Captain Joe Sturgis

A Man Who Could Pilot a Boat in a Fog

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I was a student at a New England college I used to spend my vacations on the seacoast. I was fond of water sports—boating, fishing, bathing—and in the autumn shooting, though since the season for the latter came when I was engaged at my studies I could only enjoy it for a day or two at a time.

My favorite place for enjoying an outing was a village on the coast of Maine. There is no coast in America so sought during the hot months, for there is none so beautiful. There are islands and estuaries without number, while the air is pure and bracing. The only drawback is the fogs, which will occasionally sweep suddenly in from the ocean and at times last several days.

The village of B., which came to be the usual scene of my summer outings, looked out upon a bay beyond which was the boundless ocean. Sometimes I lay in a hammock hung between trees, watching ships pass far out on the horizon, dreaming of the people walking about on them, shifting their sails, at meals, or idling as I was. I had but to turn my eyes nearer, to an island beautiful as a fairyland rising out of a fairy sea, or, still nearer, to a strip of ground in its native state, brown, yellow and green patches lending up to a snow white cottage, behind which was a thicket of cedars.

Captain Joe Sturgis, a man who had acquired his title as master of a fishing smack, was my principal companion. He fished for a living, but in July and August, the fishing being poor, he rested, for he had made enough money at his vocation to build himself a snug home and have more invested at interest.

Sturgis was a plain, quiet, thoughtful, uneducated man, but I always felt that if he and I were obliged to float for our lives and there was but one plank between us he would leave me the plank. He used a single masted boat about twenty feet long for fishing purposes, and during my vacations that boat was my second home. The captain and I made cruises in her among the islands of the coast. There were four bunks in her, a small cook stove and mess kit. At night we would anchor in some inlet or little bay and after supper be lulled to sleep by the sound of wavelets beating against the side of the boat. That was years agone, but to this day I can hear the soothing splash. In the morning we would be up with the sun, and I would take a cold water plunge while the captain was frying the fish and making the coffee for breakfast. Then up would come the anchor and we would be off, we cared not where, since the whole of these beautiful waters with their green promontories and islands were ours. During these cruises I was as near heaven as it is possible for one on earth to be.

Storms we had, of course, but we were either scudding before the wind, racing with the white caps, or beating up against them, now and again getting a ducking, buckets of spray dashing over us. But what did we care, protected as we were by our oilskins? The fogs, I admit, I never liked. The coast in that region is full of reefs, and if our boat should strike a sunken point of rock it would go down, leaving us to struggle with the waves and likely to find a sepulcher in the belly of some fish. The coast within a dozen or twenty miles of B. Sturgis knew so well that he could navigate his boat even in a fog. I once asked him how he did it, and he replied in the same way he walked in his own house at night. A current here, the sound of water beating against rocks there and other indications were valuable assistants in keeping the course and avoiding the rocks.

Sturgis seemed to be a part of the region he inhabited and felt that after death he would still be a part of it. He would say to me:

"I've often thought how I'd like to be free from my body and go where I like, to hover above the ledges over which the waves dash in a storm that we dare not go near in a boat and on which there is no footing. It would be fine to skim with the crest of a wave till it begins to curl on a beach, watch it break and scatter in foam on the sand."

"In a fraction of a second," I suggested, "you might be a thousand miles away."

"I wouldn't care for that. I'm a home body and never want to go away from home."

"You mean not more than fifty miles from home."

"This is all home to me. I sleep just as well in the boat o' nights as in my cottage on the shore. The cottage is well anchored for a storm, but somehow I feel safer on the water, especially in a lee shore. You see, there's nothing to break the force o' the wind where my house is built, but in a storm if I'm near shore I can run into any snug cove and go to sleep peaceful."

"And if you're out at sea?"

"Oh, then I take in and close all sail and let her ride. If I'm to the windward of a shore I drop the anchor."

"Don't need even a jib for steerage?"

"No; with sails all in she won't go over. She's well ballasted."

These conversations with the captain led me to think that those who live near to nature, though uneducated, have a more comprehensive view of the universe, including themselves, not as brief existences, but as appearing under different forms. Houses and books tend to destroy this more extended view of ourselves. The houses exclude what is grand in nature; the books lead us to reason. And, exclusive of revelation, what basis have we for our reasoning? Is not one who takes his inspiration from nature more free to follow his higher instincts?

During the first winter after I was graduated from college I heard of the death of my old friend Captain Joe Sturgis. He died in his bed, and it at once occurred to me that his spirit, freed from the clay of his physical body, went right out over the water and the islands among which he had so often sailed in his slower going boat. After his death I did not care to go to B. and did not see the place for ten years. Then it occurred to me that I would like to revisit the scenes I had so much enjoyed during my youth. I had long been immersed in business, and if I got an outing it was seldom for more than a fortnight. The influence of nature had long ago passed from me, and if I thought of the skipper who had been my companion it was not flitting in spiritual form over the waves, but mouldering in the churchyard at B.

I found the place but little changed. I doubt if twenty houses had been added to those that had composed the town ten years before. I met persons whom I had known, but they, as well as I, had grown older. Sturgis' old boat was still in existence and in use. I had sailed her in fair weather both with the captain and alone, and I remembered the coast for a distance of, say, ten miles from B. sufficiently to take the boat over it. So I got into her one morning intending to revisit some of the nearby scenes of former years. I took no one with me, preferring to go alone.

The morning was bright and beautiful. I spent a couple of hours cruising about noticing old landmarks, or, rather, old sea marks, when, suddenly looking eastward, I saw the fog bank. There was little breeze, and I could not reach land before I was enveloped in one of those fogs so thick that they are really fine rain. I drifted for hours, hoping all the while that it would lift, but it did not. It came upon me at noon, and when night fell I was still enveloped in it.

That night is ever to be remembered as the most frightful of my life. There was no wind, and if there had been I would not have dared avail myself of it, for I had no compass and, in any event, was beset with sunken rocks. I passed the afternoon and the night till near morning in an agony of suspense, without food or water, then fell into either a stupor or a sleep.

I had taken position near the bow where I could watch, sitting on the deck with my back resting against the mast. It must have been near dawn that, looking aft, I saw, or thought I saw, a dim form at the tiller, while the sail was filled, though the fog had not lifted.

I have never since been quite sure whether I was awake, half asleep or asleep and dreaming. Nevertheless some one was at the helm and the boat was moving. It did not occur to me to get up and go aft to see who my pilot was, and this has led me to think that I dreamed. I sat where I was, looking into the mist now and again, hearing the swish of waves over protruding rocks, at times sailing near enough to them to see their dim, dark bulk.

I knew that there was or had been but one man at B. who could sail a boat in those waters in a fog, and that man was Captain Sturgis. I was possessed with the idea that time had been turned back ten years and I was again sailing with my old friend.

Yet I knew that Captain Sturgis was dead.

How long I sailed thus I don't know, but when it came light enough for me to see, the fog lifted, and I recognized on either side of me rocks, by which I knew that I was emerging from one of the most tortuous, dangerous channels on this coast. There was a fair breeze, and the tide was with me. I was not far from B. and saw persons on the shore, evidently looking out at me.

I sprang to the tiller, which was deserted, and pointed my course toward B. In half an hour I reached the landing and was welcomed by anxious friends, who had feared for my safety. They asked me how in the name of conscience I had got through the channel from which they had seen me emerge, wrapped in fog, without striking the rocks. I told them I didn't know; it must have been either luck or Providence. I did not say what I believed and have since often partly believed that I had been piloted by the disembodied spirit of my beloved friend, Captain Joe Sturgis.

I left B. the same day, and I have never cared to go there since. Not only was I unstrung by having been tossed helpless on an ocean without being able to see half a dozen yards, but there was something frightful in my narrow escape. I did not shudder at having been piloted, as I believed, by my old friend; but, taking my experience altogether, I had no desire to sail in those waters again.

Time has taken away the horror of the situation and strengthened, or, rather, warmed my soul toward him whom I cannot but consider to be living a renewed life among the scenes he so well loved during his physical life and who, remembering me affectionately, came to my help in the hour of my trouble.

Cousin Charlie

He Played an Audacious Game, but Won In the End

By MARY PRICE BURNHAM

"My dear Cousin Sue," wrote Miss Auchincloss, cousin by marriage, "we are now settled in our new place at Waverly and claim your long promised visit We are all anxious to meet you, having heard a great deal about you from different members of your side of the family. Charlie will call for you tomorrow afternoon after luncheon with the auto and bring you out. The distance is only twenty-five miles, and an hour will be quite sufficient for the journey."

"Well," mused Miss Auchincloss, "I dare say they will all be very kind to me. Delia having married my cousin, but since I have never seen any of them, not even the connecting link, Charlie, I suppose I shall not feel very much at home among them. However, I shall get acquainted with him on the ride and that will be a help with the others."

The next day at the appointed time Miss Auchincloss was ready for the journey with a suit case standing in the hall Going to the window she saw a young man just pulling up to the curb in a beautiful new automobile, painted fawn color. A man on the sidewalk advanced and the two talked together, the autoist sitting in his seat. Then the autoist alighted, and the two men walked away, leaving the machine standing where it had been stopped

It occurred to Miss Auchincloss that she would rather wait for her cousin's return in the auto He had evidently met some one he knew and they had gone off to do something, she didn't know what When he returned she would be ready for him She was much pleased with his appearance and this had taken away a good deal of her repugnance at visiting persons whom she had never seen So carrying her suit case with her she put it in the auto, then got in herself on the seat beside the steering wheel

She sat there ten minutes, when the autoist returned He looked at Miss Auchincloss somewhat surprised as he approached, and when he reached the auto, hat in hand, there was an inquiring expression on his face

"I'm your Cousin Sue Auchincloss. I received Cousin Delia's letter saying that you would call for me this afternoon to take me out to Waverly I saw you drive up to the door and walk away with your friend I thought I'd be ready for you on your return"

A meeting between two persons who have never met before is apt to be a little stiff, and for a few moments the young man showed embarrassment, then he muttered a few incoherent nothings took his seat, attached the power, and the two sped away The formality of a first meeting soon disappeared Cousin Charlie asked a great many questions about his relatives, the Auchinclosses, and Cousin Sue asked a great many about his branch of the family, the Chamberlins He was especially pressing in his queries, surprising Miss Auchincloss by his want of knowledge of his kin on her side of the house When each had been satisfied in this matter they fell to general conversation and got on famously Miss Auchincloss was delighted with Cousin Charlie, and Mr Chamberlin was delighted with Cousin Sue

When an hour had passed Miss Auchincloss asked if they were not near Mr Chamberlin's home, his wife having written that the distance could be covered within that time Mr. Chamberlin smiled and said he had no idea of taking so short a ride and had chosen a far longer route. Coming to a roadhouse, he said he would telephone that they would not arrive as soon as expected and, alighting, went inside for the purpose He was gone some time and when he returned explained the length of his absence from the fact that the wire was busy and he was obliged to wait

It was three hours after the starting that the auto pulled up in the grounds of a handsome place, and several young women came out on the porch to receive the guest. One of them, whom Cousin Charlie called Delia, advanced gave Miss Auchincloss a kiss, and the rest followed suit. A small boy of ten who announced himself as Cousin Frank insisted on carrying Cousin Sue's suit case, and the party went into the house They were all young and seemed very well pleased at the meeting The guest was shown to her chamber, where she made a toilet for dinner, putting on the one dressy costume she had brought with her

"Dear me," she said to herself when left alone, "I didn't know that Charlie Chamberlin was so well off as to live in this style I wonder if the funds don't belong to his wife"

The dinner went off pleasantly, though it seemed to Miss Auchincloss that there was an uneasiness in her cousins, and as time wore on Charlie, though evidently much pleased at having his cousin with him, appeared especially distracted. Little Frank seemed inclined to do a good deal of chattering despite efforts made to muzzle him He kept calling those at the table by their wrong names and was constantly saying things to make the occupants of the house wince. Finally just at the conclusion of the dinner he addressed Cousin Delia thus

"I say, Mollie, why don't you get married?"

There was a laugh, which on the part of the hosts was mingled with a good deal of constraint. Cousin Charlie looked frightened, and Cousin Delia turned red in the face No reference was made to the boy's having called Delia Mollie, and in time the equanimity of the party returned. After dinner it was still day, for it was the season when the twilights were long, and all went on to the veranda

"Charlie," said Delia, "you had better show Cousin Sue the grounds before it is dark"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of separating a newly married couple Come with us Cousin Delia" said Miss Auchincloss

Several of the party turned their backs at this reply, and it looked to the guest that it was for a reason. There was something going on underneath this cousinly welcome that mystified Miss Auchincloss. Cousin Delia excused herself on the ground that she was obliged to get a letter written to be sent out before the mail closed. It did not seem to Miss Auchincloss that there was anything husbandly and wifely between her and Charlie They had been married but a short time and even between couples who have lived together for years there is a certain something that marks them as belonging to each other. Nevertheless while Miss Auchincloss noticed the absence of this something it did not occur to her that the couple were anything but man and wife

"Cousin Delia," she said to Charlie as they strolled away together, "looks enough like you to be your sister"

"W-h-a-t!"

"I have never seen a married couple resemble each other as you two do"

"Y-e-s, several persons have spoken of that. I don't see it at all," replied Charlie, then turned the subject.

He led Miss Auchincloss about the grounds which covered a dozen acres attractively laid out, a rivulet running through it spanned by rustic bridges and here and there broadened into a fish or a duck pond. As they strolled along together Charlie seemed to lose that embarrassment which had troubled him, but he surprised Miss Auchincloss by certain glances and words that were altogether too flirtatious to come from a married man, especially one who had been recently wedded. Miss Auchincloss suggested that, the sun having set, the air was becoming a trifle chilly and she thought she would return to the house They found the auto standing before the door

"Why, you're not going out again in your machine tonight, Cousin Charlie?" remarked Miss Auchincloss.

"I thought we would have another ride," was the reply. "The moon is coming up, and it is full tonight."

"But"—

"But what?"

"Why, don't you think you'd better take Cousin Delia out with you?"

"Oh, she doesn't like to ride in an automobile, she's afraid"

They went into the house, and Charlie announced his intention to take his cousin for a moonlight ride This did not surprise the others, and when Miss Auchincloss offered to give place to Delia the latter repressed a smile and said that her moonlight rides with Charlie were a thing of the past

So the cousins got into the auto together and started forth They had not been out long before it was evident that Cousin Charlie was trying to get something out. He made several attempts, all of which were failures, when Miss Auchincloss said

"There is something about this visit of mine that I can't understand a secret among you all, to which I have not been admitted. I wish you would tell me what it is"

Cousin Charlie made another effort and was soon launched upon an explanation mingled with frequent excuses and apologies. He told her that when he saw her in his auto he knew at once that she had made a mistake. He was not her Cousin Charlie at all The temptation to impersonate that gentleman and take her for a drive was too strong for him. Then it occurred to him to take her home with him for dinner He had prepared the family for the event by telephone and asked one of his sisters to impersonate his wife They had protested against the plan at first, but finally consented The matter would have gone off more smoothly had it not been for Frank, who kept them in constant terror lest he should let out the plot.

It took Mr Chamberlin the greater part of the ride to smooth Miss Auchincloss' ruffled feelings, but gradually it came over her that the affair was a very good joke, and she admitted that she had made some very pleasant acquaintances She asked Cousin Charlie in what direction he was driving, and he said that he was taking her to her real cousin's. He had telephoned them that her arrival would be delayed She asked when her suit case would be sent to her, and he told her that it was stowed away in the rear of the auto

It had been very easy for the young man to play the game, indeed, Miss Auchincloss had walked into it of her own accord It was another matter to smooth her ruffled feelings. Nevertheless by dint of penitence and persuasion he finally succeeded.

And so ended the first chapter in a love story which was quite awhile in developing. Miss Auchincloss was prevailed upon to visit again those who had entertained her, and they all became very intimate Cousin Charlie, or Fred Warrington, took her on many an auto ride and one moonlight night in the autumn secured her promise to be his wife.

The Mystery Lady

She Contrived to Carry Out a Hidden Scheme

By EDITH CONNERS

I am a dealer in secondhand books I buy those that are sold out when families break up their homes and in this way secure from time to time volumes that I know to be rare, though the seller often is ignorant of the fact. Nevertheless I am free to say that I don't take advantage of their ignorance, but pay them a fair price for the goods. These rarities I keep and now have a collection that is becoming every day more and more valuable One day a young woman came into my store and began looking over my stock. She attracted me at once by her appearance, her gentle manner, her soft feminine voice and traces in her countenance of some great grief She took down from the shelves different books, most of them on religious subjects I left her to examine them according to her own sweet will, but she was so attractive to me that I could scarcely keep my eyes off her She seemed as much interested in the binding as in the other parts I noticed that in the case of several of the books she looked over she slipped her thumb and fingers over the cover as if to gauge its thickness or smoothness, I couldn't tell which.

She laid out five books separate from the rest, all on religious subjects, and asked me the price of the lot. I figured it up, and she paid me without any effort to induce me to take less, but stipulated that she should be permitted to bring any of them back within a week to be exchanged for such others as she might select. I agreed to this, and she went away

I suppose a hundred persons might have come into my shop at different times and looked into my stock without attracting any especial notice from me, but this person excited an interest that I was unable to account for I presume it was her engaging presence At any rate, I could not get her out of my mind Possibly it was because I had met one capable of kindling in me that inexplicable feeling which indicates the dawn of love Be all this as it may, I hoped that she would bring some of the books back for exchange that I might see her again

My hope was realized On the sixth day after her first appearance she came again, bringing back a book printed in 1845 and bound with all the clumsiness of that period The covers were about a quarter of an inch thick The title was "Christian Advice to Young Men" I remembered her having slipped her fingers over the covers of the books, and her return of this one indicated that if she was buying the books for the binding she did not care for a thick cover I made some attempt to engage her in conversation about her purpose in buying the books, but did not succeed in eliciting anything On any other subject she conversed with me freely, and when I got her interested that sad look failed, to be replaced by an entirely different expression I gave her another book in place of the one she brought back and replaced the one she returned on the shelves If she went away unconvinced of my kindly feeling for her it was not my fault, for I showed her as plainly as I could that I liked her

What it was that induced me, after she had gone, to take the book she had returned from its shelf and look it over I don't know, unless it was the same feeling that induces a man to handle something that has been held by a woman for whom he has been inspired with special tenderness. At any rate, I ran over the pages and on a lower corner of page 100 noticed a singular mark It might or might not be a monogram; it looked more like a snake that had tied itself up in an untieable knot than anything else I had no reason to suppose that the young woman who had taken it away and returned it had placed it there, but I was unable to divest my mind of the impression that she had. Somehow the idea was growing upon me that there was a mystery connected with her of which her book buying was a part. I put the volume back on the shelf with a feeling of regret that there was no reason to suppose I should see her again or ever know her secret—that is, if there was a secret.

A week, possibly a fortnight, elapsed when an elderly woman came in who represented herself as purchasing agent for a benevolent society whose object was to furnish books for all persons needing them, especially religious literature, presenting her credentials, which were genuine. She ransacked my shelves for wholesome books intended for persons of no great education The only volume she asked for was "Christian Advice to Young Men," saying that it had been recommended to her for the use of the society she represented I took it down for her, and, without examining it at all, she placed it among the books she set apart to purchase. Finally she directed me to send the lot to the rooms of the society she represented.

This purchase of the book that had been returned by the young woman completely obliterated any fancies I had conjured up with regard to its connection with a mystery Had it been bought by a suspicious person, had that person been seen to look for the snakelike mark in it, those fancies might have gone on multiplying, but since it had been purchased in an ordinary way I was bound to admit to myself that they were without any foundation whatever From that time on I dismissed them from my mind But I did not banish from my mind the young woman who had impressed me That sad face of hers, those Madonna like eyes and, above all, the transition in her under my effort to induce her to throw off what troubled her were ever present with me

Within a few days after the visit of the purchasing agent, who should come in but the young woman who is the subject of this story She said that after all she had concluded to take the volume called "Christian Advice to Young Men." When I told her that it had been sold a scared look, or a disappointed look, I could not tell which, passed over her face But when I informed her who had bought it, though she endeavored to conceal a look of relief or pleasure, she did not succeed Then I knew that the book was connected in some way with the mystery which interested me She was leaving my store when I caught at a method of finding out more about her. I asked her for her name and address, telling her that I wished it that I might mail her my book circulars She hesitated, as though she did not wish to give them, but finally did so I lost no time in walking past the number she gave and found the space occupied by a livery stable. She had given me a wrong address.

It is needless to say that this deepened my interest in her

Some time passed before I saw anything more of "my mystery," as I now began to call her. Then one day she came in, and the moment I saw her I knew that there had been a great change in her The sad expression had left her face and had been replaced by one that I could only interpret as a newly acquired hope. She pretended that she came in to look for more books, but I could see by the way she picked them up and immediately laid them down that she was not interested in them. I determined on a bold stroke

"You don't wish to buy any books today," I said "You have come in here with an entirely different object. You have been using my stock for some especial purpose That purpose has been either successful or partially so You have known from the first that you have had my sympathy. Assured of this, it has been hard for you not to trust me Something has occurred that you wish to tell me, but you have not quite made up your mind to give me your confidence Do so, and I promise you that you will not repent the act."

"How in the world did you ever divine that?" she asked, with mingled surprise and pleasure in her expression

"A little bird told me"

"There is no reason why I should not now explain everything I would have been a fool before this to trust any one This is the story My father has suffered a great wrong He was a bookkeeper and cashier for a mercantile firm Certain funds were embezzled by a member of the firm who contrived to cover up his tracks by manufacturing certain evidence against my father, who was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to state prison for twenty years

"Our only hope was to enable him to escape and I took that work upon myself I was permitted to visit him in prison and he told me that he had laid out a plan by which he might regain his liberty, but it required a saw with which to remove steel bars I attempted to smuggle one in to him, but was detected Since then I have never been permitted to visit him without some one watching me while near him But I communicated with him through others When I carried the books away with me from your store I took one, 'Christian Advice to Young Men,' with very thick covers Then I removed enough of the interior of the covers to enable me to insert several thin steel saws"

"Ah," I exclaimed, "I see it all! But go on with your story"

"I dare not be implicated in sending the book to my father, so I learned of a society organized to furnish reading matter to prisoners and got a friend to recommend it and tell where a copy could be bought. Before returning the volume to you I placed in it a mark on the one hundredth page which my father had been instructed to look for to designate a book with saws in the cover"

"Again I see!" I remarked.

"Well, to shorten a long story, my father obtained the saws, cut the bars of his cell and escaped. He has gone where he is not likely to be found One thing his jailers found to let them know how he got his tools—'Christian Advice to Young Men,' from the covers of which the saws had been taken."

Thus ends the first and by far the most important chapter of my story. The second has to do with something different from the subject matter of the first. I helped the book buyer to gain evidence that finally convicted the man of the crime for which her father was sent to prison, and the latter returned from hiding to appear again in his accustomed haunts. His daughter has long been my wife and says that from the first she felt that if I discovered anything wrong in the book she contrived to send from my store to the prison I would never give her away.

In this she was right, but it is to be remarked that I did not have an opportunity to expose her. The volume with the saws concealed in its cover was on my shelf for a number of days, but I knew nothing of their presence there.

GIANT CATARACTS

Victoria Falls the Greatest of the Mighty Torrents

NIAGARA RANKS ONLY THIRD.

The Falls of the Iguassu River Hold Second Place, and These Three Are in a Class by Themselves—Their Electric Power Possibilities.

At one time waterfalls in large rivers were interesting only because of their scenic beauty, and their very existence was deplored because they obstructed navigation. But man has found a way to harness these mighty power producers and today they are of the greatest value to the commercial world because the millions of water horse power can be changed into electricity and transmitted for hundreds of miles to be used as a reliable substitute for our vanishing coal supply

When it is remembered that two cubic feet of water, weighing 125 pounds, by falling a distance of only six feet will produce one horse power of energy, it is easy to comprehend that millions and millions of horse power are wasted every minute by the torrents of water tumbling over Niagara, the Victoria falls and the Iguassu river and many lesser falls throughout the world. This falling water is guided by steel and concrete penstocks to powerful water turbines which whirl great electric generators The current produced in this way is easily transmitted for hundreds of miles over small copper wires to the cities and towns where it is used to haul the railroad trains to drive the great manufacturing plants and to give us light and heat.

Loyal as we all are to our country, we must admit that even the mighty torrent of Niagara ranks only third in size when compared to the waterfalls of the world. The largest of the earth's waterfalls, the Victoria falls of the Zambesi river in Rhodesia are 360 feet high and more than a mile wide, and were discovered by Livingstone in 1855 The water power of these falls is estimated to be fully 35,000,000 horse power two and one-half times that of Iguassu and five times that of Niagara

South America possesses a waterfall which exceeds Niagara both in width and in height and is actually the second largest waterfall in the world This little known waterfall is that of the Iguassu river, tributary of the Parana, and, like Niagara is situated at the boundary of two states, each of which owns half of it. The total water power of the Iguassu fall, which is 213 feet high and nearly two miles wide is estimated as about 14,000,000 horse power This is approximately equal to the aggregate water power of all Scandinavia, which is rich in waterfalls or about ten times the total water power of Germany

There is no other waterfall in the world which is at all comparable in greatness with the Zambesi, Iguassu or the Niagara Asia, notwithstanding its colossal mountain ranges is comparatively poor in large waterfalls, which are found most abundantly in Africa and North America The largest African streams especially are interrupted by many falls of considerable height The Kongo has several high falls which owing to the great volume of the river, about sixteen times that of the Nile may be counted among the most important sources of water power on earth The Stanley falls, in the middle reach of the river, consist of seven successive falls of a total height of 164 feet and a width of nearly 4,000 feet and offer an exceedingly rich source of power which probably will soon be exploited

Still more important is the total water power which the Kongo develops in the non navigable section extending from its mouth to Stanley pool Here the river, confined in a channel only a few hundred yards wide and with a depth of water of nearly 300 feet, flows with a velocity of forty eight feet a second, so that at every point of the stream 25,000 to 30 000 cubic meters or about 1,000,000 cubic feet of water are hurled along with irresistible force, while thirty two rapids and waterfalls lower the level of the stream by 820 feet in a stretch of 170 miles

The lower Nile, in Egypt, possesses a series of rapids, the celebrated cataracts of the Nile, but no waterfall in the strict sense of the word True, waterfalls occur on the upper Nile, the most beautiful of them at the point where the stream issues from Lake Victoria Nyanza. This Ripon fall is only a few yards in height, but the volume of water is so great that it presents a magnificent spectacle.

Comparatively few persons know which is the highest waterfall in Europe The most voluminous of European waterfalls, strictly so called, are the Rhine falls, at Schaffhausen, but the highest are the Rjaken falls of the Mann Elf river, in the Norwegian province of Telemarken The principal fall is 800 feet high, and the total height of the two chief falls with the intervening rapids amounts to 1,837 feet, while the average flow of water is fifty cubic meters, or 1,760 cubic feet a second The Rjaken falls, with their total energy of 250,000 horse power, have been converted to industrial uses.—Electric News.

One may dominate moral sufferings only by labor Study saves from discouragement.—Abrantes.

All the way to heaven is heaven.—Farrar.

In the Days of His Youth.

Nervous Old Lady—There's no fear of your horse running away, is there? Cabby—Not a bit, mum. Nervous Old Lady—He doesn't shy at motors, does he? Cabby—Bless yer, no, lidy Why, 'e didn't even shy at railway trains when they fust came in.—London Telegraph.

His Best Bedroom.

An American physician says that while in England he saw a vaulted tomb in a London cemetery which had the following inscription engraved on the door: "Dr John Gardner's Last and Best Bedroom."

Encourage the Child.

One of the most discouraging things you can say to a child or youth is to call him a good for-nothing, a nobody, or to tell him that he will never be of any use

Self Conscious Greatness.

One day in the train—on one of Victor Hugo's journeys to or from Brussels—he happened to find himself in the company of two English ladies who spoke French Hugo knew but one word of English—Christmas, which he always pronounced "Christmus" In the course of conversation these ladies observed that it must be inconvenient for him not to know English when he was passing through that country To which the great man's reply was, "When England wants to talk with me she will learn my language!" "From their astonishment at this answer," said Hugo in relating the story, "it was evident they did not know who I was!"—"Victor Hugo, His Life and Work," by A. F. Davidson.

Echoes From Horses' Skulls.

Those curious twists and turns superstitions take are to be found in the introduction of horses' skulls in or about the church buildings in England and Scotland, the reason alleged being to help the sound in church. This habit is unquestionably a relic of heathenism where an animal was sacrificed. Some years ago, when an old meeting house in Edinburgh was pulled down, the sounding board space above the pulpit was found to be filled with horses' skulls In some parts of England there still exists the idea that if a horse's head is buried in a field there will be an echo

Quite Frank About It.

"So you are going to marry Tom?"

"You saw the announcement, didn't you?"

"Yes, but"—

"It wasn't a fake"

"But, dearie—I never thought that Tom would be your choice"

"Tom ain't my choice He's my chance Have you any other questions to ask, darling?"

Darling decided she hadn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Energy of Will.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character Where it is there is resolute character, where it is not there is faintness, with effeminacy, despondency, neglect of duty and failure 'The strong man and the waterfall," says a proverb, "channel their own path"

In Training.

Nell—Why does she always dress in black? Belle—She's in training Nell—Training for what? Belle—Well, you see she married an octogenarian.—Philadelphia Record

Opponents think that they refute us when they repeat their own opinions and take no notice of ours.—Goethe.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

Impertinent.

Originally the word "impertinent" signified merely "not belonging to." When Wycliffe said that there were many men in this world who were "impertinent to earthly lords" he did not mean that they were "cheeky," but merely that they had no masters. Then, as used by Shakespeare, "impertinent" came to mean "irrelevant." Just 300 years ago it was defined as signifying "absurd, silly, idle."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending August 24th, 1912:

Combs, Sergt. Wm., Co. A, 29th Infty

Hall, Rev. Charles M.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, Pennsylvania, dated July 23, 1912, and to me directed, there will be sold for the payment of debts, at public sale in the corridor of the Court House, of McKean county, located in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on the third day of October, A. D. 1912, at two o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of John F. Rooney, deceased, to-wit:

No. 1. ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Hamilton, county of McKean, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the south line of land formerly of Ebenezo D. Cotton, 117 7-9 rods each of the west line of Wt. 5556; thence east along said Cotton's southern line a distance of about 147 2-9 rods to the center of said Warrant; thence southwardly along the center of said Warrant a distance of 136 rods; thence westwardly a distance of about 147 2-9 rods; thence southwardly parallel with the said center line a distance of 135 rods to the place of beginning, containing 175 acres, more or less, and being part of Warrant 5556, excepting therefrom 50 acres conveyed by said John F. Rooney to John E. Mullin by quit-claim deed dated April 1, 1898, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 115, page 396, said 175 acres having been conveyed to John F. Rooney by the Commissioners of McKean county by Deed dated November 17, 1886, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 91, page 359, etc., on November 25, 1886.

No. 2. ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a post in the road, in the west line of lot No. 3 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township of Keating, known as the Griswold lot; thence north 148.4 perches to a sugar tree corner; thence west 100 perches to a maple tree corner; thence south 98½ perches to a Hemlock and south 81 perches to the public road; thence by the road to the place of beginning, containing 93.7 acres, more or less, and being part of lot No. 1 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in said township and part of Wt. No. 2006, and being the same land conveyed to John Rooney by Isabella Chadwick, executrix of the last will and testament of E. Chadwick.

ALSO all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the public highway, leading from Smethport to Alton, said point standing west 50 rods from the southeast corner of lot owned by Edward Chadwick lot No. 2; thence north 98.7 rods to the south side of the right of way of the Smethport Railroad; thence along said right of way westerly to the east line of the John Rooney Farm lot No. 1; thence along said east line south 90 rods to the center of the aforesaid road; thence along the center of said road east 50 rods to the place of beginning, containing 29.25 acres strict measure, being part of lot No. 3, Wt. No. 2006, same land conveyed to John F. Rooney by John E. Chadwick and wife by deed dated June 11, 1901, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 131, page 66, etc., on Dec. 1, 1904.

No. 3. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post standing 72 ft. west from the northeast corner of square No. 52, the northwest corner of land conveyed by Robert King and wife to Michael Tracy; thence south 115½ ft. to a post the southwest corner of same; thence by the north line of the alley west 58 feet to the corner of land contracted to E. V. Chadwick; thence north 115½ feet to a post the southeast corner of same; thence east 58 feet to the place of beginning, containing 12 square perches of land be the same more or less; and being part of lot No. 3 in square No. 52, being the same land conveyed to John F. Rooney by William J. Coleman and wife and Burg Chadwick and wife by deed dated Jan. 12, 1882, and recorded Jan. 27, 1882 in D. B. Vol. 66, page 55, etc. The land last above described being subject to an agreement entered into by said John F. Rooney with Burg Chadwick dated March 14, 1884, whereby a strip of land one and one-half feet wide on the west side of the lot last above described and extending to the alley in the rear of said lot; by the terms of which agreement the said one and one-half feet should be used in common with a similar strip of one and one-half feet on the east side of the lot immediately west of the one above described and shall be used as a passage way from Main street to the alley in the rear of said lots.

No. 4. An undivided one-fifth interest in two certain articles of agreement or leases for oil and gas purposes made and executed on the 5th day of Sept., 1907, by Elisha K. Kane, as party of the first part, and M. S. Geary as party of the second part, the interest of the said M. S. Geary in the said Articles of Agreement or leases having been assigned to Charles McKean, as trustee for John Rooney, M. W. Heinlein, Charles McKean, William H. Hungerford and M. S. Geary, by indenture dated October 26, 1907, on lands in the township of Lafayette, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST: A part of lot No. 7 of Wt. 2240, beginning at a stone set for the southwest corner of lot No. 8; thence by the north line of lot No. 10 south 89 degrees 45 minutes west 750 feet and by the north line of lot No. 9 on same course, a further distance of 541 feet, a total distance of 1291 feet to a stone corners thence by line run by G. H. Lyon north 1 degree 45 minutes west 2510 feet, crossing at 2500 feet to the north line of the Bliss ville Road to a stone corner; thence north 88 degrees 15 minutes east 826.5 feet to a stone just on the bank of ditch at south side of Bliss ville Road; thence by land of Mrs. Harder south 1 degree 45 minutes east 475.2 feet to a stone corner; by land of Mrs. Harder south 1 degree 45 minutes east 475.2 feet to a stone corner; thence north 88 degrees 15 minutes east 475.2 feet to a stone corner; thence by west boundary of lot No. 8 south 1 degree 45 minutes east 2102 feet to the place of beginning containing 71.25 acres more or less.

SECOND: Being the north half of lot No. 8 of Wt. No. 2240, beginning at a post in the west boundary of lands, late of the Bingham Estate 1250 feet north of the northeast corner of lot No. 11 near the Cherries Spring House; and running thence south 89 degrees 30 minutes west 1091 feet to a post; thence by lot No. 7 north 1 degree 45 minutes west 1250 to a post and stones, the northeast corner of lands of Mrs. Hardie, being likewise the northeast corner of lot No. 7; thence by land now or late of the Hazlewood Oil Co. eastward about 1090; thence by land of the Bingham Estate southwardly about 1250 feet to the place of beginning, containing 31.3 acres more or less. Together with a like one-fifth interest in all the oil and gas wells, engines, boilers, tanks, rigs, machinery, tools, fittings and fixtures to the same belonging.

Terms of sale, cash, on confirmation of sales and delivery of deeds.

M. S. GEARY,
GALLUP & SHATTUCK, Administrator
Attys. for Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 4, 1912-3t.

SHOES
REPAIRED
While You Wait.

Men, Women and Children's Shoe Shining Parlor.

Shining parlor open Sundays, First class work guaranteed. Quick repair.

D. GOODMAN,
Three Doors East of Imperial Hotel.
Smethport, Pa.

BLOW YOURSELF to a new Victrola—we have some beauties foa $50.00—If you do not like Victrolai, we will sell you sometning you do like, in fact anything that sounds or looks like music—even a piano.

The most attractive featuaes about our merchandise are our Prices and quality.

TWO GOOD THINGS—Your money—our goods; let's swap.

BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE,
SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Mgr.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Letters of Administrations on the Estate of J. H. Biever, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement.

FRED H. BIEVER, Adm.
Aug.22-6t Smethport, Pa

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PITTSBURGH AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given of the special meeting of the stockholders of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company, to be held at the office of the Company, Smithfield and Water streets, Pittsburgh, Pa., upon Wednesday, September 25, 1912, at 10:45 o'clock a. m., to take action for or against the proposed merger and consolidation of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company and the Ellwood Short Line Railroad Company, upon the terms of the agreement then to be submitted to the stockholders of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad Company.

C. W. WOOLFORD,
Secretary.

September 3, 1912-2t

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, supress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars. Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimating of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns of villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election and school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcement of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for."

so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing of venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts.

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for that purpose:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, ro refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or services for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.
A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows:

"All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes, but the General Assembly may, by general law, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, under-ground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities of counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year; and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties of municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The Sugar Bowl.
QUALITY AND PURITY.

For Fancy Drinks, Frappes, Sundaes, and Ice Cream Sodas (all flavors). The Sugar Bowl is the place to go.

Brick ice cream three colors a specialty.

Ice Cream Packed and delivered at low prices.

Try the Marathonian Salted Almonds.

BELL PHONE 34.

SPIRO COCONIS, Prop.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approved of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to *rider agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $5.00 profit a bicycle.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

Orders filled the day received. Shipments the next day.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Description bargain list mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment for all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **4.80**

The regular retail price of these tires is $15.00 per pair, but to introduce our sundries we will sell you a sample pair for $4.85 cash with order $4.85.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once a season in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day we receive a cash discount of 5 per cent if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and mention this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and ship any part to you less than half the regular prices. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, look finer and look finer than any tires you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once. Hence this remarkable tire offer.

Notice the thick rubber ribs "A" and "B" and sunken strips "C" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorns at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

ADVERTISE IN THE MINER

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna